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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

A SAFER GUIDE THAN THE BIBLE.

We start back, with affright, from the avowal which is made in a passage we are about to cite. It is from a Boston newspaper, but not Garrison's. It is made by a Boston clergyman, but not Theodore Parker. It is from the *Congregationalist*, which, going astray from its birth, has at last arrived at this conclusion. Three divines, in good standing, preside over the columns which, with tears and shame be it said, thus exalt human judgment over Divine wisdom, the guess-work of man above the word of God. A correspondent discusses the subject with great ability, as follows.

The *Congregationalist*, speaking of slavery, says:

"Suppose that it were a fact that the Bible did sanction all this? What then? Would it prove that our moral judgment was wrong? By no means. It would only prove that the Bible had sanctioned a system of manifest outrage and wrong. In other words, it would furnish the premises from which infidels could legitimately draw the conclusion that the Bible is not the word of God."

To one who has watched the signs of the times among us, the spirit of such a passage, coming from such a source, is evident enough; but to avoid all misapprehension, and every appearance of injustice, it would be well to take a close look, and see exactly what it means. To say that the Bible cannot sanction a system of manifest wrong, is simply saying that "what is good cannot be bad," or "what is true cannot be false." The writer, of course, meant no such flat truism as this would amount to, although it is the substance of whole discourses on what some would style "the higher law," or the "inner light," when this phrase is used in distinction from, and in opposition to, any objective written standard of duty. We are not bound, say these sages, to obey laws that are morally wrong. That is, it is not right to do wrong, or it is not right to do what is not right—or x is not y, or plus is not minus, or round is not square. For it all runs down at last to such a barren conclusion; and yet how often has this miserable truism, in which there is such an evident assumption of the whole matter in dispute, passed for logic, and been pronounced unanswerable argument. A declaimer of this kind never thinks of attempting to draw the line between the true domain of the moral sense, deciding where it has a right to decide, and where it almost always decides truly—namely, on motives, dispositions, states of soul as good or bad—and that other field of objective, human relations, which belongs solely to the intellect, judging according to its best lights of what, as matter of fact, is most expedient, most useful, or most humane, in each particular case, or class of circumstances.

Thus—it is very wrong to be selfish—it is wrong to be cruel or tyrannical in disposition or practice—it is wrong to use men, whether we be employers or masters, for the gratification alone of our own selfishness—it is wrong for a man who owns a large tract of land to be hard-hearted, and let the poor around him suffer for food—it is wrong not to love our brother man of every grade or colour, or to fail in doing what we can, in the circumstances in which we are placed, for his moral good, and his physical good in subordination to it. Now, on such questions as these, no two consciences—at all events, no two Bible-taught consciences—answer differently. To this aspect of the higher law every moral sense responds.

But let us start another set of queries. Is monarchical government right under any circumstances? Can one man rightly have and exercise power more or less over another? Is the relation of master and servant one that may, under any circumstances, be maintained and justified? May this be by general law as well as by special contract? May there be expediencies which make it right in respect to a class or race? * * *

It is from the want of making the proper distinction here that men run into these foolish truisms we have been describing, and which they so wrathfully employ against those who may differ from them on these great questions of expediency. If they mean that the Bible, or, in other words, the book of truth and righteousness, cannot sanction what is false and wrong, so bald a truism is not worth our serious attention. But we would not so underrate their intellect. When hard-pressed in argument, they may take shelter here, but they must mean something quite different. The fair significance of their language can be nothing else than this: If the Scripture differs in any respect from my ideas of expediency in human government—if it allows of any human relations of political or social inequality (for the same principle runs through all these cases irrespective of degree)—if it recognises, under any circumstances, a *property* or propriety of one man in another man, or, to change a very vague and ambiguous word, a *power* or *rule* of one man over another man's services, without the will or against the will of the latter—if, by its history, or its positive laws, it countenances the exclusive holding of land, or of any territorial privileges that I may regard as leading to oppression, or which, in my judgment, may have a balance of expediencies against them—if it teaches, in any way, the subjection of the wife to the husband, which I regard as a clear contempt of the higher law of nature in the equality of the sexes—then the Bible, in so doing, or if it can be shown that it is in any way liable to such a charge, "does sanction a system of manifest outrage and wrong"; in other words, "it furnishes the premises from which *infidels* could not only draw, but *legitimately* draw the conclusion that it is not the word of God"!

Now, who, we would ask in all soberness, is more deserving of this name of infidel than the man that talks in such a style? What kind of faith in revelation is this? Faith is trust, it is confidence. But what kind of trust is it when on each and every one of these questions, confessedly so difficult, or intricate, so indeterminate in themselves, so dependent for their solution on considerations out of the field of the pure moral sense, each man is to regard as infallible his own understanding, or his own conceit, whenever it comes in real or apparent disagreement with the Scriptures, and call it his "higher law," and prefer its ever-wavering illumination to that steady "light shining in a dark place," which heaven has so graciously sent down in condescension to our need?

* * * * * * *

Good men, we say, have differed on these difficult questions of human relation, political and social. Good Christians have believed, do yet believe, intelligently, honestly, disinterestedly, in the righteousness of slavery under certain circumstances, as a matter to be judged of by the consequences and expediencies of its dissolution or continuance. He who denies this, or the inevitable inference from it, is not to be reasoned with. He who would put all who differ with him on this question beyond the pale of Christianity, is a "doter about strifes of words," with whom we can hold no rational, to say nothing of any Christian, communion. Good men, Christian men, have differed on the subject of slavery. And is this all we ask for our argument. We need not prove that such good men are right in their judgment of relations or expediencies; but the fact does settle the other point, that these *outer* relational questions do not belong to that domain of the *inner* conscience for whose jurisdiction they are claimed. They are not like the first class we mentioned, and which the moral sense does decide intuitively. They do not, therefore, furnish ground for condemning others, or unchurching them, or denying their Christianity. * * * * T.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Confession.—At a late Anti-Slavery Convention in Pennsylvania, Lloyd Garrison, boasting of his twenty-five years' agitation as an Abolitionist, acknowledged the existence of mighty obstacles in the way of the Abolition movement, and gave as a proof "the immense extension of the slave system and slave territory since the Abolitionists commenced their work." This, if true, must be a source of great consolation and encouragement to the agitators, who have been for twenty-five years labouring for the accomplishment of an end that is proved to be the more unattainable the longer and more desperately they strive for it.

Generally speaking, when sane people discover that what they would do cannot be done, they give over their attempts to do it; and so, no doubt, these disturbers of the peace of the country would do if the actual attainment of what they profess to seek were the true end they have in view. But it is not. Agitation is what they live by, thrive by, get their bread, clothes, houses, everything they have by; and if they were granted all they so loudly clamour for, their occupation would be gone, and their way, such as it is, of earning their livelihood would be gone with it.

The *Liberators* and *Freemans* and *Standards*, which are the organs of the fanatics, would, in such a case, have no more work to do, and their now so liberally supplied exchequers would cease to become the recipients of large levies upon the pious brothers and sisters, of all colours, whose motto is, "Am I not a man and a brother?" Mr. Editor this and Mr. Contributor that, Mr. Treasurer the other and Mr. Secretary something else, would miss their snug little salaries, and there would be no more necessity for that horde of peripatetic lecturers, which, sustained by the contributions of the faithful, and well fed and clothed by their bounty, now pervades the North, fulminating terrible denunciations against the church, the constitution, the Union, and all creation besides, saving only those who belong to their own miserable clique.

And then what a dash would the termination of this agitation in success prove to the aspirations of those of the leaders in it with whom it is all nothing but a desperate game of profligate politics! What a panic among the Sewards, the Sumners, the Wendell Phillipses, and that clan, whose only hope for distinction would be utterly "crushed out" by the attainment of the end they profess to have in view!

The truth is, the wretched hypocrisy of these people is in no degree behind their blasphemy against God and their treason to their country.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Abolitionism and Non-Resistance.—Among the most pestilent of the fanatics of the North is one Stephen Foster, the husband of Abby Kelly, who, in her way, is a fitting match for him. He is a regular Boanerges in the rostrum, or on the platform, a fellow of great, swelling words, full of fire and fury, and there is only one person in all Massachusetts that can out talk him, and that person is his wife, Abby. But big as they both are in words, they collapse in the most remarkable manner whenever an opportunity occurs for them to do anything.

This Foster, together with several other Abolitionists, black and white, was arrested, a few days ago, at Worcester, Mass., on the complaint of the City Marshal, on a charge of riot, and of assaulting one Asa Butman, who happened to be spending a few days in "the heart of the commonwealth," and whom these people saw fit to consider a spy, in search of runaway slaves. The squad were taken before the police court, and held to bail to appear for examination. All gave the required sureties, save and except Stephen, who formally declined to recognise the authority of any court but the court of heaven. The sitting magistrate, without prejudice to the jurisdiction of the great court of final appeals alluded to by Foster, suggested that in the police court of Worcester he (the magistrate) had certain powers, which he felt it to be his duty to exercise in the case before him. So, Stephen, refusing to furnish bail, was ordered to be committed for present safe-keeping to the county jail; but, being a "non-resistant" on principle, he imitated the example of Jacques Strop, in the play, and threw himself on the floor, refusing to walk a step, on the way to prison, and thus imposing upon the officers of justice the necessity of bearing him off bodily in their arms!—*Ibid.*

Selections.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, IN 1842.

LECTURE BY HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

[On Tuesday evening, Dec. 5th, the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings delivered the Second Lecture of the New York Anti-Slavery Society's Course, in the Broadway Tabernacle, to a numerous audience. We had prepared a sketch of the Lecture, partly from the report in the *Tribune* and partly from notes furnished by Mr. Giddings himself; but finding that the following report of the same Discourse, as previously delivered by Mr. G. in Rochester, is, on the whole, more complete than our own, we give it the preference.—*Eds. Standard.*]

From the Rochester Democrat.

The subject chosen by Mr. Giddings for his discourse was the Trial of John Quincy Adams, by the House of Representatives, in the year 1842, during the session of the Twenty-Seventh Congress, on a charge of treason against the Government, for having presented the petition of Benjamin Emerson and other citizens of Haverhill, Mass., for a peaceful dissolution of the Union. He said, by way of exordium, that a beneficent Providence had allotted to us our existence at a most interesting period of time, when events of surpassing interest were transpiring, and the great heart of the nation is throbbing in sympathy with the mighty destiny toward which it is moving forward.

Our duties correspond with our advantages, and among those duties it becomes us to acquire a full knowledge of present policies and passing events, and to transmit a faithful record of them to posterity. It was his fortune to constitute one of the triers of John Quincy Adams, in the memorable Twenty-Seventh Congress. That trial constitutes one of the gravest pages of American legislation, and one of the most attractive chapters in the biography of that statesman. Yet, although so conspicuous an event in his life, no history has been given of it, and in the only life or biography of Mr. Adams which has been published, no allusion to the fact that such an incident occurred is made. This must be his apology for now bringing the events of that trial before the public mind.

In order to afford a proper understanding of the state of public sentiment and the influence of slavery in Congress at that time, he adverted to some acts of legislation at that and previous periods. The audience need not be reminded that for more than half a century slaveholding Presidents and cabinets had composed the Executive departments, and wielded an immense influence over the two Houses of Congress. At the moment this trial took place, the army of the United States was pursuing the panting fugitives from oppression who had sought an asylum among the swamps and everglades of the southern country, acting in concert with bloodhounds, and the American flag was prostituted to float over a company of slave-catchers, who were paid by northern men, money which came from the pockets of northern labourers. For this service, $400,000 was paid, and 543 slaves were returned. Not a member of Congress raised his voice in denunciation of these things.

As early as 1807, Congress established and authorized the coastwise slave trade, under which the slave-dealers drove their infamous traffic from the ports of the northern slave States; and having shipped their human products, on making out their manifests, with the name, age and sex of each one comprising their cargo, a copy of which was filed in the department, they received a permit, under the authority of the nation, to transfer fathers, mothers and children to the barracoons of the southern slave marts, where they were exposed for sale. This was done by the authority of Congress. Yet where was the man who stood forth in denunciation of this prostitution of our flag to the protection of a commerce in human flesh? No one raised his voice to object to it.

When a slave ship stranded in the British West Indies, and the slave-dealers, in order to save their lives, were obliged to land on British soil, by the power of British laws their slaves were made free men and women, clothed with the attributes of British liberty. Our government expressed its dissatisfaction with this, and, under the guidance of a slaveholding Executive, became the champion of the slave-dealers. And not a voice was raised in Congress to denounce this degradation of the national character. It was with such a public sentiment as this, when the North yielded to all the demands of southern arrogance, that the Creole case came before the Senate.

A ship ladened with a cargo of humanity at Richmond, Va., when out upon the broad ocean, where, by the laws of nations and all laws, human and Divine, every individual on board was as free as you and I, then those slaves were moved to deeds of daring, and stood forth proclaiming that God endowed all men with certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and, maintaining it by force against the master who oppressed them, they drove the slave-dealers below (not to the lower world!) [laughter], and, taking charge of the vessel, they steered for Nassau, New Providence. Going ashore upon that island, they stood forth free, and each went in pursuit of his own happiness. The slave-dealers returned and called upon John Tyler (that President for whom I and my fellow-Whigs once voted—an error which, if Heaven forgive us for once committing, we shall never be in danger of again) [laughter] to espouse their cause. Through his Secretary of State he did so, and compensation for the slaves was demanded of the British government. At that time no voice was raised against this outrage.

In 1840, Mr. Calhoun introduced a resolution into the Senate, declaring it to be the duty of the government to protect the American slave trade—that Congress was responsible for the consequences. Not a man in the whole Senate was independent enough to vote against a proposition so degrading to the national character. Some twenty left the Senate chamber; but there was not a vote against it, nor a voice raised in objection to it. Even the voice of old Massachusetts was silent in that body. Her members fled; they had neither the spirit to speak out against the dishonour nor the manliness to testify by their votes in its favour!

Mr. Giddings here referred to the scenes which northern men and women, visiting the capital, were forced to witness in the operation of the slave trade in the district. He alluded to the murder committed in a slave pen by a slave mother, upon her two children—an incident full of thrilling interest to every one. At this time the infamous gag law was in force in Congress, and petitions sent by the people to their representatives were thrown back in their faces. John Quincy Adams, solitary and alone, objected to this, and, in clear, explicit and plain language, declared that the people are the depositories of the sovereign power, and the members of Congress, their servants, were bound to give respectful answers to their petitions. Every man should properly understand this position of Mr. Adams. A mighty array of power was brought against him, and he was the only man qualified to maintain that position. He had full possession of the facts of our political history, and his mind was so clear, his judgment so acute, that it almost seemed that he could predict coming events connected with the affairs of government.

A digression was here made to speak of the common threat of the South, in former days, that unless slavery was protected by the government, the Union should be dissolved. It always assumed the form of a threat, and northern men had been accustomed to cower under it, and to yield to every demand of the South, even to the passage of the infamous Fugitive law. A passing allusion was made to the events of 1850, and the part which a portion of the clergy took in that period of excitement. One divine had even gone so far as to say that he would be willing to surrender his mother (or brother, a modification of words and not of principle) to sustain a Union which the South assures us was only instituted to preserve slavery. The arrest and escape of Shadrach, in Boston, and the proclamations of the Executive on that occasion, were made the subject of some sarcastic remarks. When that coloured person had obeyed the command of him who took the sword of justice from its place, and made off with himself, the Union was shaken to its centre. The President issued his proclamation, solemnly calling upon the people to sustain the laws and protect the endangered Union. Heads of departments and the Governor of the commonwealth united in this expression. Merchants left their ledgers half posted, mechanics dropped their tools, doctors left their patients half cured, and, trembling between life and death, Mrs. Partington rushed to the door, with her hands encumbered with dough, and all anxiously inquired, what on earth is it that endangers the Union? The question reached the White House, and the President, in solemn tones, replied to the inquiry: "You ask what endangers the Union? Why, bless your souls, a nigger's loose!" [Laughter.]

Returning to the period of 1842, he said that it was under such a state of sentiment existing at the executive mansion that Congress had met to legislate. A member from this State, who has since been President, and who was supposed to be far from supporting the slave-dealing principle, being at the head of the first committee in the House, reported a bill to pay the slave-dealers for their property lost in the Comet, and members were obliged to sit there and legislate on the price of human flesh and blood! It was at this time that John Q. Adams stood up fearlessly in defence of the rights of the people. In January, 1842, several citizens of Massachusetts got up a petition designed to test the sincerity of the slaveholders in their repeated threats to dissolve the Union. This was sent to Mr. Adams. He conversed about it to friends out of the House, and announced the course he intended to pursue. He had not the least hesitation as to his duty, and the manner in which he should perform it. The next day, when Massachusetts was called for petitions, in a clear and distinct voice he announced to the Speaker and the House that he held in his hand the petition of Benjamin Emerson and forty-five other citizens of Haverhill, that Congress should take immediate measures to procure the peaceable dissolution of the Union, because nothing could be permanent that was not equitable; that instead of maintaining liberty, it sustained southern slavery, and, if it continued, must be overwhelmed by the judgment of Providence. There was then a scene thrilling through every heart in that hall, sublime beyond description. A score of slaveholders were on their feet at once, trembling with rage. Mr. Holmes, of S. C., asked, Is it a petition to dissolve the Union? Mr. Adams, without making a reply, moved to refer the petition to a select committee, with instructions to report against its prayer, and give the reasons for it. He did not indicate those reasons, but they were evident. Congress had no power to grant the request. Every one, in this excitement, paid strict attention to what was said by the Speaker and Mr. Adams. Mr. Hopkins, of Va., inquired if it was in order to move to burn the petition in the presence of the House? This only drew from Mr. Adams, in subsequent remarks, the soubriquet of the "combustible member," which he applied to Mr. Hopkins. Mr. Butler, of Tenn., moved to lay the petition on the table, and publish, in order that the people might understand its contents. Mr. Wise, of Va., inquired if it was in order to move a vote of censure upon the member presenting it? A few minutes after, Mr. Gilmer, of Va., a slaveholding Democrat (Mr. Giddings remarked here that he arraigned no party, and indulged in no reminiscences in an offensive sense; if the people were willing to forget the past, he was sure the Democratic party would be) [laughter], offered a resolution that, in presenting a petition for the dissolution of the Union, the member had incurred the just censure of the House.

At this point, the House adjourned until the next morning. The slaveholding members were in high spirits. They had in their grasp the man who had caused them so much trouble for four or five years, and possessed the power to crush him and avenge their injuries. That night, when darkness shrouded the capital and its streets were desolate, they held a convocation to consult how they should proceed in order to degrade and destroy him. To give character to this prosecution, they looked around for a Whig who would be likely to do their work for them. Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky, a nephew of Chief Justice Marshall, was selected to prosecute the revered patriot. And he had no desire to do injustice to Mr. Marshall, who is still living. It is sufficient for him that justice be done him [laughter]. He had been a member of the Kentucky Legislature, and had there stood up nobly in defence of human rights. He was ambitious, and felt a desire to cross swords with the distinguished man of whom it was said that no man ever assailed him with impunity.

The next morning, Mr. M. presented a substitute for the resolution of Mr. Gilmer, but the substance was the same. The preamble set forth that the presentation of the petition was an insult upon the people, disreputable to a representative, and that he had committed high treason against the government. The resolutions declared that he justly deserved expulsion, but that, in consideration of the past services and reputation of the accused, the House, in its grace and mercy, was content with expressing its severe censure. An awful thing, to be sure! [Laughter.] Mr. Marshall eloquently addressed the House, and enlarged upon the theme, arraigned the whole past life of Mr. Adams, so far as he had stood forth the champion of liberty, and when he had spoken against oppression, and set these things before the indignant body. He declared that he had committed high treason, and might be tried for that crime.

Mr. Adams had not risen to answer Mr. Gilmer. He had looked on the excitement of the previous day with a placid smile, as if something amusing was passing in his mind, as he saw the storm raging about him. Now, we who sat near could see the inmost workings of his soul written upon his countenance. God had given him a countenance upon which might be seen every serious emotion of his mind. He had no secrets on political matters, and no one ever could in plainer terms show what his sentiments were. Before Marshall had concluded, we could see the storm beginning to arise in his breast. The clouds began to gather, and we expected to see the tempest burst with overwhelming force.

When he arose, he was the "observed of all observers." Every one expected him to reply. The Speaker's eye was fixed upon him. As he rose, dignity marked every movement; he was deliberate in language, and choice in his use of words. He said: "Mr. Speaker—It is no part of my design to reply to anything that has fallen from the gentleman in relation to myself. I will only say that, so far as his speech refers to high treason, the constitution defines that to be levying war against government—and it is not for him or his puny mind to define it." He then called upon the clerk to read the first paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, down to the definition of rights and duties. He made this request in majestic terms three different times, at each repetition raising his voice and giving greater emphasis to his words. While he was repeating the request, the clerk had turned to the Declaration, and now commenced reading. He paused once before concluding the passage, and Mr. Adams, still standing, requested him to pass on to the clause declaring it to be the right and duty of the people to alter or abolish the government when it was found unsuited to their requirements. As the clerk closed the book, Mr. Adams repeated that it is our right and duty to alter or abolish the government when it becomes subversive of the undying truths on which it was founded. Sir, said he, if this House is capable of entertaining the resolution—if it entertains jurisdiction of such a question—I ask time to prepare my defence, and to show that the denial of the right of petition is in itself a grievance which justifies the resort to this right and duty. Mr. Cooper said that the gentleman from Massachusetts had mistaken the sense of the House if he supposed time would be given him to prepare his defence. Mr. Adams simply asked if a case was ever known that an accused person was denied time to prepare his defence—and compelled to proceed at once?

A motion was made to continue the prosecution, and postpone it one week; and that, in the meantime, the resolution be laid on the table and printed for information. Mr. Wise said that the motion to print was debatable, and at once took the floor. He had formerly engaged in a debate with Mr. Adams, and came off badly damaged by the collision. He saw that now he had an opportunity to assail his adversary to his heart's content, and Mr. Adams would have but brief opportunity to reply. He spoke two days, and ended by calling on the Democratic party to sustain the resolution of censure; for if they did not, slavery would be abolished, and the last remaining democratic institution destroyed [laughter]. Just such laughter followed the utterance of the sentiment in the House. The withering reply of Mr. Adams on that occasion is remembered. He simply charged Wise (the second of Graves in the Cilley duel) with having entered the House with hands dripping with human blood and a large blotch of gore upon his face, and then presuming to read moral lectures to fellow-members.

The remainder of the narrative of that memorable transaction was given by Mr. Giddings, and its result presented in striking language. We find our sketch growing beyond bounds, and must condense. After the prosecution had continued for some time, the southern members began to see that Mr. Adams was likely to make exposures damaging to slavery, and to sustain himself, single-handed as he stood, against the combined opposition. A proposition was made to withdraw the resolutions, if Mr. Adams would withdraw the petition. The position of the "old man eloquent" was now sublime. He saw future generations looking down upon him, and calling upon him not to give over the battle. He declined the proposition.

The prosecution continued, Mr. Adams invariably worsting his opponents; and, finally, several southern members came to his support, and the quarrel was transferred. It now became one at which Mr. Adams and his friends could look and laugh. Southern members were accused of actually contemplating the dissolution of the Union, and one of them of having drawn up resolutions with that design. The final triumph of the Sage of Quincy is well known, and it should teach northern men that lofty courage and honest purpose must always prevail.

EXPORTING SLAVES.

A South Carolina slaveholder, now residing in New Orleans, writes us premising that *everybody* admits the evils of slavery, but that immediate abolition is impracticable and perilous—being likely to result in a terrible civil war, and the ultimate subjugation or extinction of either the Whites or the Blacks. He holds the Colonization of the Blacks to be indispensable, if they are ever to be liberated, and suggests that Congress be urged to make provision for the deportation of all liberated slaves to Liberia or some other settlement of free Blacks, and for their subsistence through the ensuing six months. He thinks such a system would recommend itself to moderate men in both sections, and that under its auspices slavery would gradually melt away and ultimately disappear.

Now, we differ from our correspondent radically in these respects, namely:

1. We think *the South don't want to get rid of slavery.* Individuals here and there may wish it ended, but the slave-traders don't agree with them; no more do the men and women living in sumptuous idleness on the proceeds of slave labour, no matter whether hired out or worked upon Cotton and Sugar estates. We often hear of this or that one deploring the existence of slavery who never lifted a finger to hasten its downfall, and who would stop his favourite journal if it said aught decisively against slaveholding. We know that the great body of the slaveholders do *not* wish slavery abolished, any more than sinners in general wish to be saved from their sins; if there were a will, there would soon be found a way. Nor do we think the majority of our politicians, merchant princes, cotton-brokers, earnestly desire the abolition of slavery. They may cheat their consciences by *saying* they do, but if so, their acts give the lie to their professions.

2. We, therefore, believe the most important thing to be done at present is to *make our people, North and South, realize that slavery is wrong and injurious, and so earnestly desire its extinction.* If that were accomplished, all else that ought to be soon would be. The moral revolution will insure the physical or legal.

3. When our People shall have become *really* hostile to slavery, *there will be no need of exporting the emancipated negroes.* They will all be needed here, and will be a more healthy, cheerful, tractable body of labourers than the planters can find beside. Now they are good for nothing, because they have no rights, no social position, no hopes, no friends. It is the interest of the slaveholders to have free negroes appear the most vicious, idle, inefficient, miserable of God's creatures, and they are treated accordingly. Let slavery be abolished, and all this would mend. Even now, in defiance of the pro-slavery sentiment animating the more influential classes at the North, the Free Blacks, are much better situated and are doing better here than in the slave States. Colonization is destined to do a great work *for Africa*, but it will never carry off our Four Millions of Slaves, nor half of them, because they are wanted as Free Labourers right where they are.

4. *The Southern politicians will never consent to have Public Money expended in the way our correspondent proposes.* They are strict constructionists as against every attempt to meliorate by Federal action the woes of slavery. They will vote millions to acquire new slaveholding territory; not a cent to send away emancipated slaves. Every cargo exported would weaken the South in Congress and reduce the power of the slaveholders. Of course, they will never do anything of the sort until after they shall have resolved to give up slavery. And when they shall have reached that point, our correspondent's cataplasm for the National ulcer will be no longer needed. —*Tribune.*

FIVE NEW WESTERN STATES.

Last evening, Mr. Benton delivered, at Baltimore, before the Maryland Institute and a vast assemblage of hearers, a lecture on the Physical Geography of the [illegible] California, with a view to show its adaptation to the settlement and the construction of a railway.

We have the lecture before us. It has all the characteristics of its author, both in force of style and the fulness and completeness of the knowledge it communicates. It is very long, but we would certainly make room for it entire were it not for the large demands upon our space, made by the executive documents issued at the opening of the new session of Congress, and the proceedings of that body.

Mr. Benton sets out with showing that the country between Missouri and California, in the latitude, or nearly the latitude, of Maryland, is well adapted to settlement and cultivation, and capable of forming five great States. The line of large States now stretching half-way across the continent, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, may be matched by an equal number of States between Missouri and California.

Mr. Benton takes for the first State the eastern part of the territory of Kansas, from the eastern frontier of the territory half-way to the Rocky Mountains. It is composed of the well-watered valley of Kansas, equal to that of Egypt in fertility, the valley of the Arkansas, equally well-watered, but somewhat less fertile, perhaps, abounding in rock-salt and coal, and between them a vast elevated prairie destined to become "the bucolic region of our America."

The second State would be formed of the western half of Kansas, in which lies the valley of the upper Arkansas, represented by Fremont as well watered and fertile, with a mild climate and short winters. It is abundantly wooded. Of its benign climate and rich vegetation Beale and Heap gave a most favourable description. These two States will each have a territory of fifty thousand square miles, and according to Mr. Benton they will probably be ready for admission into the Union within the two next years.

For the third State Mr. Benton takes a section of the Rocky Mountains from the 37th degree of north latitude to the 41st, extending two hundred miles east and west, making an area of sixty thousand square miles. This includes the fine broad upland valleys called the Three Parks, resembling that of Cœle-Syria in Asia, except that their breadth is greater. Besides these, there is an endless labyrinth of small grassy valleys, with a mild climate, well-watered, and overlooked by lofty mountains, one of which, Pike's Peak, is the Mont Blanc of this beautiful western Switzerland. The valleys are described by Beale and Heap, as "the hunters' paradise."

For the fourth State Mr. Benton takes the valley of the Upper Colorado, extending one hundred and fifty miles from the western base of the Rocky Mountains to the eastern base of the Wahsatch and Anterria ranges, with a length of three or four hundred miles from north to south. It has a fertile soil, looking thin and sandy to the eye, but sending forth a vigorous vegetation when impregnated with water. It wants only irrigation. The climate is mild, with a January like our autumn. This region forms a part of the territory of Utah, and the process of settling it with white inhabitants is already begun.

The fifth State comprises the remainder of Utah, and extends from the eastern base of the Wahsatch and Anterria ranges of mountains to the eastern boundary of California. It includes both the Great and Little Salt Lakes, the latter of which lies in the midst of a region far finer than that of the Great Lake. The evidence of the fertility of all these regions, and their desirableness as places of settlement, as quoted by Mr. Benton from the account of travellers, is very ample.—*Evening Post, Dec. 6.*

SLAVERY IN THE CENSUS.

NUMBER OF SLAVEHOLDERS TAKEN AND THEN SUPPRESSED.

On page xii of the introduction to the volume containing the Census of 1850, we have the various blank schedules furnished to the persons employed. Schedule No. 2 is entitled *slaves*, and the first column is headed "Number of Slave Owners." On page xxiii we have the "Instructions to Marshals and Assistants," in relation to this schedule, as follows: "Under heading No. 1, entitled name of slaveholders, *insert, in proper order, the names of the owners of slaves.* Where there are several owners to a slave, the name of one only need be entered; or when owned by a corporation or trust estate, the name of the trustee or corporation." It thus appears that the number of slaveholders in each State has been acquired by the census and also the number of slaves respectively held by them, for the Instructions say: "The slaves of each owner are to be numbered separately." Here, then, is information that has long been greatly needed. A Southern member of Congress, some time since, asserted there were three millions of slaveholders, or rather more than there were then slaves to be held. Others contend that a very small proportion of the white population of the South hold their fellow-men as property, and that the whole number of slaveholders, on a very liberal computation, does not exceed 300,000. The great question is solved by the census. But the solution is not such as to strengthen the Slave Power, and therefore it is kept secret. The returns of the number of slaveholders are all suppressed. Yet we have most tedious and voluminous details of the number in each State, embraced in no less than 328 "Professions, occupations and trades." Thus, we learn that in Virginia there are 2 comb-makers; in North Carolina, 1 author, 9 booksellers, *no* engraver, *no* publisher, but 989 *overseers*; South Carolina has 4 paper-manufacturers, 141 printers, 1 engraver, 3 coppersmiths, and 1,823 *overseers.* But Mr. De Bow, the Superintendent of the Census, does not think proper to let the public know how many follow the profession and occupation of slaveholder.

NUMBER OF MULATTO SLAVES TAKEN AND SUPPRESSED.

The fifth column of Schedule No. 2 is headed "Colour." The "Instructions" order, "under heading 5, entitled 'Colour': Insert in all cases when the slave is black, the letter B; when he or she is a mulatto, insert M. *The colour of all slaves should be known.*" Of course it is known to Mr. De Bow, and to such friends of the peculiar institution as he may please to intrust with the secret. But it is not prudent to publish to the world the extent to which amalgamation is carried in the slave States, and hence the returns so positively ordered respecting the "colour of all slaves" have been totally suppressed. The North must not know how large a proportion of the slaves are the children of their masters.

MARRIAGES OF COLOURED PERSONS NOT RECOGNISED IN THE SLAVE STATES.

At page xli we have a summary of all the marriages in the States within the year. To this table is added the significant note: "The marriages include the whites and free coloured, except in the slave States, where the whites *only* are embraced." So the marriages among a population of nearly three and a half millions are totally disregarded by the United States census. Why? Because concubinage is the rule, and marriage the exception.

INTERNAL SLAVE TRADE.

The ratio of increase of the whole slave population from 1840 to 1850 is stated at 28.87. But this, be it recollected, is the average ratio. Of course the ratio is far greater in Virginia, where the climate is mild, the labour light, and the treatment comparatively kind, than on the cotton, rice and sugar plantations of the South. It is a well-ascertained fact that slaves employed in the sugar cultivation do not increase. On the contrary, after the abolition of the African slave trade, there was a constant decrease in the number of slaves in the British Sugar Islands; and now, in the State of Louisiana, there is no increase of slaves except by importation. Hence, if the *average* ratio is 28.87, it is a very moderate estimate that the natural ratio in North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland and Delaware must be at least 30 per cent. Now, what are the facts?

In the last ten years the ratio of increase in

Virginia is	5.21
Maryland	0.07
Delaware—*decrease*	12.09
North Carolina—increase	17.38

Do we ask what has become of the slaves thus disappearing from these States? The answer is found in the ratio of increase in the importing States. Thus, in the last ten years, slaves have increased in

Georgia	34.85 per cent.
Florida	52.85 per cent.
Mississippi	58.74 per cent.
Arkansas	136.26 per cent.

In various other States the increase is far above the average ratio. Hence we see that there is a prodigious transfer of slaves; or, in other words, a vast internal slave trade. The slaves of Virginia, Maryland and North Carolina, supposing them to increase in the ratio of 30 per cent. since 1840, would, in 1850, have amounted to 1,020,033
Whereas they number only 851,444

Exported 168,589

Should these slaves average $500 a head, we have a receipt by these *three* States of $84,294,500, or $8,429,450 yearly for their staple article of export. We see, therefore, these States have strong reasons for clinging to slavery besides the one usually assigned, to-wit: "Northern Agitation."

INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY ON EDUCATION.

The native white population of North Carolina is	550,267 p. 309
The whole white population under 20 years is	301,106 p. 299
Leaving white adults *over* 20	240,161
Of these there are *natives* who cannot read and write	73,226 p. 317

Being more than one-fourth of the native white adults!

This fact seems so incredible that I have referred to the pages of the census in which the numbers are given, that all may verify for themselves the accuracy of the statement. It is indeed true, that the number under 20 includes foreigners, since the natives are not classified according to age; but this can make no appreciable difference, the whole number of foreigners in the State being only 2,565, and of these, but few comparatively under 20.

It may be instructive to compare the *native white* population and the number of *native white* adults ignorant of letters in a few States:

	Population.	Ignorant Adults.
Maine	549,674	1,999
North Carolina	550,267	73,226
Massachusetts	819,044	1,055
Tennessee	749,661	77,017
Ohio	1,732,698	51,968
Virginia	871,893	75,868
Connecticut	324,095	726
Maryland	366,650	17,364
Rhode Island	119,975	981
Louisiana	187,558	14,950
New York	2,388,830	23,241
Missouri	514,527	34,448

—*Tribune.*

HOW MANY MASTERS HAVE WE?

It has been said that no man can serve two masters: but the sense must not be taken literally, since every nation which is ruled by an oligarchy furnishes a standing contradiction of the maxim. The meaning is, doubtless, of masters whose characters and principles are wholly diverse; in which sense the proposition is true. But where they are thoroughly united in the determination to rule at every hazard, they cease to be many, and become a formidable unit. Such is the slaveholding oligarchy of the United States. Whatever else they may differ about, they never differ when the interests of slavery are involved, or their divine right to rule the country brought in question.

Availing ourselves of the slaveholding statistics, which, though suppressed in the original publication of the Census, have just been given to the world in a smaller work by the present Superintendent, we proceed to show, as nearly as practicable, the number of what may be regarded as the nobility, or ruling power, of the South and of the country. It will be seen that there is a striking analogy between it and the aristocracy of the other great slaveholding nation of the world, Russia, though Russian aristocracy consists of fourteen classes, while our slaveholders are divided into eleven only. The lowest class of nobles in Russia is distinguished by not being liable to corporeal flogging, while the lowest class of nobles in the Model Republic, superior to the Russian in its privileges, has for its distinction the right to flog one nigger, that being the number of his fellow-countrymen belonging so each member of this class. The ten higher classes are composed respectively of those who own five, those who own five and under ten, ten and under twenty, and so on to those who own one thousand and over. Taking these figures from the compendium, and placing them in a column, we have deduced two other columns from them: the first is the average number of slaves owned by those who own one and under five, five and under ten, and so on. The second shows the aggregate number of slaves owned by each class:

	Slaveholders.		Av. No. of Slaves.	
Holders of 1 slave	68,820	av.	1	68,820
Holders of 1 and under 5	105,683	av.	2½	264,207
Holders of 5 and under 10	80,685	av.	7	565,355
Totals,	255,188			898,382
	Slaveholders.		Av. No. of Slaves.	
Holders of 10 and under 20	54,595	av.	15	818,925
Holders of 20 and under 50	29,733	av.	35	1,040,655
Holders of 50 and under 100	6,196	av.	75	464,700
Holders of 100 and under 200	1,479	av.	150	221,850
Holders of 200 and under 300	187	av.	250	46,750
Holders of 300 and under

orce, and re-captured her. We put the lieutenant and his men into a boat, and sent them adrift, while I went down the coast and took in a cargo of slaves, and carried them safely across the ocean."

"Why, captain, this must be exciting business."

His eyes flashed fire as he replied, "It's splendid. It makes a man jump to think of it! To be cutting away at the rate of eleven knots an hour, with a ship in chase, and walking right away from her!"

That instant we saw in the prisoner the rover of the seas, again standing on his deck, with the huge bull of a ship-of-war looming above the horizon.

"But how did you get caught at last?"

"The mate betrayed me. I never liked the man. He was scared. He had no heart. You see, it takes a man of a *particular constitution* to engage in our business. When once at sea with a slave cargo, we are in *free bottoms*. We belong to no country. We are under the protection of no law. We must defend ourselves. A man must have a great deal of nerve in such a situation, when he is liable to be chased by ships-of-war, or, perhaps, finds himself suddenly in the midst of a whole fleet. The mate once served me a trick for which I should have been perfectly justified in shooting him dead. We were running in between the islands Martinique and Dominique, when suddenly there shot out from behind the land an English steamer. The mate thought it was a ship-of-war, and so did I. He was frightened to death, and instantly turned the vessel off her course. That was the very movement to bring down the enemy in chase. I saw the danger and flew to the helm, and put her back again, and we passed by in safety."

"But are you not tired of this business?"

"Why, I didn't want to go out the last voyage. I tried to get another captain to take charge of my ship. I wanted to stay at home and get married. *But good men in our business are scarce.* And I had to go."

But the noble captain aspired [illegible] of a higher career. "What I should like best of all," said he, "would be to go *privateering*. To command a merchantship, and to go lumbering along loaded down with freight—that I cannot bear. It kills me. But give me a well-built clipper, with six guns on a side and a long Tom in the middle, and a letter of marque to range the ocean, and I wouldn't call the President my brother!"

Such was the substance of Capt. Smith's story. We allowed him to run on with his exploits, to see what stuff a slaver was made of. Was there ever a more perverted nature? Here is a man whose boast is in the gigantic character and the success of his villanies. His courage is to show his power over the weak and defenceless; to crowd hundreds of human beings into a close hold, where one hundred and fifty die in a few weeks; and his greatest exultation, to have defied the laws of the whole civilized world! But the most important reflection is on the weakness and negligence which permits this traffic to go on unchecked. *New York the chief port in the world for the slave trade!* Thirty-five slavers a-year sailing down our bay! Is this true? If so, why are not these vessels searched and seized? On whom rests the blame? Do officers of government connive at the traffic? Or are they so blind as not to see what passes under their eyes? Or are they too weak, or too indolent, to enforce their country's justice?—*Evangelist.*

INCIDENTS OF PROPERTY IN DEAD NEGROES.

From the Southern (Ga.) Banner, Nov. 23.

FRANCIS LENNARD, plaintiff in error *agt.* Thos. Boynton, defendant in error.

One to whom a slave is hired for a year is entitled to no abatement of the price because of the death of the slave after the commencement of the term.

Assumpsit, &c. in Talbot Superior Court Decision by Judge Irverson, September Term 1851.

Thomas Boynton brought suit against Frances Lennard, on a note for $100, given for the hire of a negro for the year 1850, and payable to Rebecca Boynton, or bearer.

Frances Lennard pleaded that the negro died on the 1st May, 1850, and that the note was transferred to Lennard on 1st February, 1851, after it was due, and with notice of this defence.

On motion, the Court below struck out this plea, and this decision is assigned as error.

By the Court.—LUMPKIN, J. delivering the opinion.

The only question in this case is, whether, when a negro is hired for a year, and he dies within the time, the hirer should be allowed a credit upon his note, from the time of the negro's death to the end of the year, for so much as the hire for that time would amount to?

In Virginia, it has been held that if a slave who is hired for a year be *sick*, or *runs away, the tenant* must nevertheless pay the hire; but if the slave *die* without any fault in the tenant, the *owner*, and not the *tenant*, should lose the hire from the death of the slave, unless otherwise agreed upon. Gurge *agt.* Elliot, 2 Hen. & Munf. R. 5.

The reason given by Chancellor Taylor is that, pursuing this rule, the act of God falls upon the *owner*, on whom it must have fallen if the slave had not been hired. *Non constat!*

And the Court of Appeals of South Carolina seem to consider this decision and the previous ruling of their own in Ripley *agt.* Wightman, that if a man lease a house for a year, and during the time it is rendered untenantable by a storm, the rent ought to be apportioned according to the time it was occupied, as decisive of the question, that where a slave hired for a year dies within the year, his wages should be apportioned. Bacot *agt.* Panell, 2 Baileys R. 424.

The Supreme Court of Missiouri had occasion to consider this point in Dudgeon *agt.* Teap (9 Missouri R. 867), and while they adhere to the decision of Chancellor Taylor, and which seems to be authority for all the subsequent adjudications upon this subject, they state distinctly that if the analogies of the law on the subject of rents be adhered to with strictness, this doctrine cannot be sustained. And so we think.

If natural justice requires that rent ought to be abated or apportioned, because the thing to be enjoyed be entirely lost or taken away from the tenant, it would be unreasonable to allow the owner hire for a "dead negro."

But we apprehend the principle to be now well settled that where the lessee covenants to pay rent, he is bound to pay it, whether injury may happen to the demised premises; and that if the tenant would guard himself against loss by fire and tempest, he must introduce into his lease an exception to this effect. 10 East. 531. 1 Fonbl. Eq. 378, and the authorities there cited.

This is no longer an open question with this Court as to *real estate*. In the well-considered case of White *agt.* Molyneux (3 Kelly's R. 124), we held, upon a full review of all the authorities, that in case of express contracts to pay rent, the destruction of the premises by fire or violence, or any casualty whatever, is not a good defence to an action to recover the rent, unless there is an express stipulation to that effect; and that a Court of Equity could not relieve against such circumstances.

But it is said that it would be unreasonable that these things, which are inevitable by the act of God, which no industry can avoid, nor any policy prevent, should be construed to the prejudice of any person in whom there is no laches. 1. Rep. 97. And the maxim of the Common Law, *Actus Dei nemini facit injuriam*, is invoked in aid of the defence set up to the recovery of the hire.

But where it is assumed, as the ground for a legal judgment, that the dispensation of Providence shall prejudice no one who is guilty of no default on his part, I beg leave to demur to the proposition. Not to adduce innumerable other illustrations, I refer to one only, which is directly in point.

Negroes were hired at the beginning of last year, owing to the high price of cotton and other produce, at the most extravagant rates, throughout the State. Owing to the unparalleled drought in the middle counties, the failure in the crops was almost entire. Is not this *actus Dei*, in withholding the early and latter rain? No laches is attributable to the hirer. If the death of the negro would entitle him to relief, why should not this other Providential visitation? In our judgment, neither should. He hired the slave *unconditionally*. He must comply with his engagement.

The one view of this matter is simple and intelligible; it is neither more nor less than the coercion of the party to fulfil his contract. The other is vague and fluctuating, because it rests on no solid foundation. For I speak with reverence when I say that the acts of God by hail, drought, inundation, pestilence, tornado and the ten thousand judgments, public and private, by which He afflicts for their good the children of men, prevent the fulfilment of more contracts than all human misconduct put together.

Suppose it were otherwise, why should the loss fall exclusively upon the owner of the reversion or fee? Is it not enough that he is deprived of his property? And is not the hirer the *quasi* owner for the time being? Does not he take the risks for the year, unless he stipulates against them? Does he pay the premium, by way of addition to the price of hire, for life insurance? If not, why give him virtually the benefit of such a policy? Why tax the owner with it, when is be paid for it? He agrees to take the value of the servant's labour merely; and if he is to be considered as having insured his life, he should be compensated for the risk.

The uncertainty of the negro's life was equally well known to both Boynton and Lennard, when the contract for the hire was entered into between themselves. What power has any court to modify or change their contract? When the slave was delivered, the contract was executed by the owner. His part was performed. Lennard expressly stipulated to pay the hire; and however hard it may be upon him to pay wages for services which cannot be rendered, let it be kept in mind that he brought his hardship upon himself. It was his own voluntary act, and he has no claims upon the justice of the courts to be relieved.

Apart from the principles involved, motives of public policy forbid a recision of this contract. Humanity to this dependent and subordinate class of our population requires that we should remove from their hirer or temporary owner all temptation to neglect them in sickness, or to expose them to situations of unusual peril and jeopardy. We say to them, go, and they must go; stay, and they must stay; whether it be on railroads, the mines, the infected districts, or anywhere else. Let us not increase their danger by making it the interest of the hirer to get rid of his contract when it proves to be unprofitable. Every safeguard consistent with the stability of the institution of slavery should be thrown around the lives of these people. For myself, I verily believe that the best security for the permanence of slavery is adequate and ample protection to the slaves at our hands.

Slavery not being tolerated in England, no case precisely in point could [illegible] that country. In our judgment, the case of rent for demise premises, and that of the hire of negroes is not only strikingly but strictly analagous. One is compensation for the use of houses and lands, the other for slaves. And if the courts will not relieve the tenant from the payment of rent, when the demised premises are destroyed by casualty, and we have held that they could not, still more emphatically does policy at least, if not principle, forbid relief against the hire of a negro who has died before the expiration of the term.

We have great respect for the distinguished Chancellor of Virginia who decided differently, and for the able tribunals in our sister States who have subscribed to the doctrine thus established. Entertaining a contrary view of this question, both upon principle and policy, we cannot interfere to discharge Mr. Lennard from his undertaking, fairly and freely made, however hard it may appear.

The judgment of the Circuit Court must be affirmed.

ARREST OF THEODORE PARKER.

Correspondence of the Evening Post.

BOSTON, December 6, 1854.

THE papers have told you of the indictment and arrest of the Rev. Theodore Parker for *seditious words* spoken in the old Cradle of ———, commonly called Faneuil Hall. When the history of the times comes to be impartially written, this incident will assume gigantic proportions, and from several different points of view. When the mists of passion, and the other media which ambition, political and personal rancour and religious intolerance interpose betwixt the minds of men and the absolute right, shall be cleared away by time, the fact will hardly be credited, standing out in its naked simplicity, that, in Boston, the capital of New England, the Pilgrim City, in the year 78 of the Independence of the United States, a clergyman, of the highest integrity and the noblest life, the constant and courageous friend of the poor and down-trodden of every sect, nation and colour, a son of old Harvard, and perhaps the ripest and profoundest scholar ever graduated from her halls, a man of the most blameless life—aye, of the most gentle and endearing social and domestic character, and especially loved and venerated by the very old and the very young; never uttering a harsh or angry word, except against sin; that such a man, whose life is devoted to doing good and battling against evil, and who every Sunday morning preaches to the hearts as well as heads of two thousands of the best citizens in his own city; that this man, I say, should be indicted by a grand jury of his fellow-citizens, *for speaking in Faneuil Hall against kidnapping*—for raising his warning voice against that awful sin, within those four walls once consecrated to Liberty, and still adorned with the portraits of its early apostles, the Adamses (though they have lately been put out of the way to make room for Daniel Webster's). Here is a picture, a chapter of our history, which will be looked upon with incredulous wonder until the full history of the times shall be written. Then will the corruption of corruptible men, the intrigues of private hate, the unscrupulous bids of mercenary ambition for power and place, explain it all. But none the less will an indelible stain remain upon the State and city where such wickedness is possible at so advanced a stage of our civilization.

Perhaps the detail of this arrest and arraignment might interest your readers. It was a week ago Friday, I think, that Mr. Parker was sitting in his study, walled in on all sides by his books, when a member of his family brought up a respectable looking man, who had asked to see him. On entering, Mr. Parker looked up from his desk, and the following confab ensued:

Mr. P.—Did you wish to see me, sir?

Visitor—Yes, sir, on business (turning significantly towards the person who had come up with him, who thereupon retired and closed the door).

V. (resuming)—I have come upon a very unpleasant business, Mr. Parker.

P.—Ah! and what may it be?

V. (hesitating)—I have come to arrest you, Mr. Parker.

P.—Oh, is that all? Wait a moment, and I will accompany you. And they went thus to the District Court, then in session, with Judges Sprague and *Curtis* upon the bench. Then the indictment was read and the recognizance, fixing the bail at $2,000. Judge Curtis, who had not hitherto spoken, here remarked (and it was observed that he looked pale and his voice slightly trembled), "The Court have decided to fix the bail at $1,500."

Mr. Parker had, on being arrested, instructed one of his family to acquaint one or two friends, who might go to the court-house to offer bail for him; so that he found there the venerable Deacon Samuel May, with his white head; the noble Francis Jackson, and Mr. Manly, one who has earned his name, and these three signed the recognizance with their friend and pastor. As soon as the news of the arrest became known, it was a contest of affection and devotion (for such men have no half friends) who should appear on his bail bond; but the above gentlemen were the first on the ground. Here was a spectacle for Boston in the nineteenth century! This was a scene, I think, which justified Mr. Parker in saying, from his pulpit, the following day, that this was the greatest honour he had received in his life.

I propose to give you, at some future time, an exposé of the proceedings in a certain grand jury room, and to lift the veil from the machinery of this prosecution. It will illustrate, among other things, what strange bedfellows hate and ambition (as well as poverty) make us acquainted with. At present, suffice it that influential persons of all parties in politics and religion, though from very various motives, are almost unanimous in condemning the action of the quartett who have, as their habit is, sacrificed policy to gratify personal revenge, and at the same time advanced their personal fortunes with the Administration. Boston people are beginning to realize how much villany there is within the *four seas!*

That Mr. Parker uttered nothing indictable on that occasion, is perfectly well known, not less to the prosecuting officer than to the public, and of course there would be an overwhelming mass of evidence to contradict any positive testimony to indictable words spoken. For my own part, I have little doubt that the miserable persons who must thus have perjured themselves at a secret and ex-parte hearing will never be dug up again; but a *trial* Mr. Parker has a right to demand; and if he does not insist on his right, I much mistake the man. We guess such a trial will, if not extract the bitterness, at least stay the further encroachments of the *four seas*, and confine their impotent rage to narrower bounds. More anon from Yours, F. H.

P. S.—There has been no attempt to indict George R. Russell, *who presided and spoke at that meeting*. Nothing would better please that earnest and excellent citizen, you may be assured; but the clique dare not go against so much wealth and social position—not they.

THE Greytown people have appointed an agent to go to Washington and prosecute their claims for indemnity.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 16, 1854.

PHILADELPHIA FAIR.—Articles left unsold at the close of the Philadelphia Fair will be exhibited for sale at the Anti-Slavery Office on the forenoons of TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY next, when those who have not completed their purchases are invited to call.

THE TWENTY-FIRST NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR

WILL OPEN, IN THE NEW AND SPACIOUS ROOMS

No. 15 *Winter Street, Boston,*

On Wednesday, 20th of Dec., at 10 A. M.

LARGE and elegant as have been their previous collections, the Managers beg leave to assure the public that, in variety, beauty and magnificence, the present collection far exceeds that of any previous year. From the friends of the Cause in Great Britain and Ireland we have received a larger amount than usual of useful and costly donations, and from those of our Managers resident on the continent a very large and rare selection of the most elegant objects of taste and art. Undeterred by the loss of their last year's box in the Hamboldt, our German friends have again forwarded a most *unique* and abundant assortment. As if to meet the Slave's increasing claims, new friends have come up to us help. From the ladies of the French Protestant churches we have received [illegible] of the most attractive, tasteful and costly description; the same may be said of the boxes from Switzerland, received through the kindness of Mrs. Stowe.

We cannot make mention of many home contributions at this time, most of those being received but a few days before the Bazaar opens, but we have accounts from various parts of the country promising donations of a most useful and saleable description.

We shall enumerate, in a superficial and very incomplete manner, some of the articles that may be found on our tables:

Very elegant Honiton lace collars, sleeves, chemisettes, handkerchiefs, head-dresses; veil of *Point d'Applique*, collars and sleeves of the same; collars, sleeves, handkerchiefs and morning caps in very beautiful French, Swiss and Scotch embroidery; a great variety of patterns prepared for embroidery; crotchet collars and sleeves of unusual beauty and fineness; Affghan blankets of all sizes, some extra large and of very brilliant colours; knit cotton bed and crib covers; patchwork comforters, made up in the best manner; the most elegant embroidery in Berlin wool ever seen in this country, consisting of cushions, ottomans, tabourets, one beautiful chair, one *coffre á bois*, a magnificent hearth-rug, piano-forte stool, fender stools, embroidered pictures for fire-screens; very splendid embroidered picture, "The Departure of Rebekah," framed and glazed; scene from English history, by Miss Murray; travelling bags of all sizes; toilet cushions and work bags; a *jardeniere*, very beautiful; garden chairs; an *etagére*, tea caddies, work boxes and *cases á odeur*, by Téhan; a beautiful backgammon and chess board, made from the arbutus wood of Killarney; arbutus wood book stands; satin wood reading stands, writing desks, work boxes, knitting boxes; card receivers, *porte feuilles* note cases and card cases of *papier maché*; small table covers and mats in bead work, a new and fashionable species of work; braided and embroidered table covers; elegant silk cloak for a lady; Scotch shawls and scarfs, several in blue and white; babies' Cashmere cloaks and hoods; every variety of infants' clothing; mats of every material and in every style; wooden table mats, an unusual and very beautiful style, from Germany; draught boards of the same style; every variety of chair cover and tidy, and sofa and cushion cover; bread, fruit and cheese covers in crotchet; ladies' Lisle thread stockings; worsted slippers of remarkable beauty; gentlemen's dressing gowns from Albany, N. Y., some very handsome; gentlemen's shirts and collars, the needle work very exquisite; a great variety of basket work from Edinburgh, from the Blind Asylum, Bristol, and from Paris; the latter are new, as to style and patterns, even there; they are designed for New Year's presents the coming season. Basket work picture frame, gilded, very elegant and a great novelty; *Cache pots* and *jardinieres* in straw; a very exquisite assortment of china, consisting of coffee and tea cups and saucers, extinguishers, inkstands, tête à tête services for children, vases, pitchers, flacons, baskets and an innumerable variety of smaller objects. The cups, saucers and plates that belonged to Louis Phillipe, and have his cypher on them, are of the most beautiful *porcelain Sevre*. They are very rare since the last chateau of the Orleans family has been broken up. *Portmonnaies* and purses of every price and description; ladies' ornaments in coral, steel, pearl, garnet and various kinds of enamel; marble allumette stands; cigar cases; jewel case containing five brooches in enamel. Statuettes Stearine—the Venus de Milo, Diane Chaseresse, Sappho, Medea, Hunter of the Libanus, and many others; the horses of Marly, busts of the Italian poets, picture of George Sand, bust of Schamyl in bronze. Very beautiful candlesticks after *Benvenuto Cellini*; bronze bust of Beranger; *necessaires* for children. A Handbook to Potishomachia, or the art of ornamenting and decorating glass, giving to it the appearance of porcelain, dedicated to the ladies of Boston on the occasion of the Annual Bazaar, and accompanied by a specimen of the work, a beautiful jar, and the necessary materials for its manufacture. Paintings in oil, of great merit—a young Moorish Girl, after Murillo, by Miss Carter. A very large variety of beautiful water-colour drawings and engravings. Very beautiful Swiss wood work, baskets, paper knives, boxes, salad services, fans, groups of animals, napkin rings and *châlets* of every variety, and numberless small carvings in woods. Carvings in ivory. Beautiful medallion of Oberlin; maps and charts in Oberlin's own handwriting; medallions of Calvin. A very valuable assortment of work in Russia leather; blotting books, tourists' cases, letter cases, desks, reticules, manifold writers, Albion inkstands; De La Rue's paper and envelopes of every description. Exquisite statuette in marble of Dancing Girl at rest. A very large and most tastefully chosen assortment of Bohemian glass pitchers, vases, goblets, cologne stands, cups, salt cellars, and other articles too numerous to particularize. Porcelain plates painted by the former Queen of Wurtemburg. A Herbier (Flora Alpina). Costly and beautiful ribbons from Lyons; *coiffures*, in silk and gold, from the Pyrenées.

The largest, prettiest and most *unique* collection of toys ever offered at the Bazaar, including dolls dressed in the costumes of all the Swiss cantons, Highland dolls, dolls in wood, wax and porcelain; doll's tea services, plated and gilt; German baby houses, completely furnished; German toys in tin and paper, extremely pretty and curious; an officer's wedding, a German model, very beautiful, illustrated by a German poem, accompanied by its English translation; a variety of carvings and other elegant articles peculiar to Baden; electric-plated spoons and knives from Sheffield.

A large variety of books; choice French books for children; a complete edition of Racine's works; Pascal's Pensées; Life of R. L. Edgeworth; the Geneva Bible of 1583; Institutes of Justinian; Rules of Pope Sextus IV.; Book of Common Prayer of 1622; Montaigne's Essays, in English, London edition of 1632; Sermons by Pasteur; and a variety of other religious French works; valuable autographs.

As several of our boxes are yet on their way, we are unable to offer as complete a list as we could wish.

ANNE WARREN WESTON,	LOUISA LORING,
MARY MAY,	HELEN E. GARRISON,
ANN GREENE PHILLIPS,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	FRANCES M. ROBBINS,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	E. C. VON ARNIM,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	AMY M. REMOND.

REFRESHMENT TABLE AT THE COMING ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The Anti-Slavery Bazaar opens on Wednesday, the 20th of Dec., and will, we trust, find every friend of the slave in its vicinity prepared for earnest and faithful cooperation. Our especial business now is to ask elegant and abundant supplies for the Refreshment Table. Friends residing in Boston and its vicinity can do the Bazaar no better service than by furnishing these. Cake, pastry, confectionary, tea, coffee, sugar, milk, cream, hams, and any kind of cooked meats, are the articles we particularly request. Home-made bread and nice butter will be especially acceptable. We would suggest to such ladies in the neighbourhood of Boston as may not be able to help us in any other way, that they will give very important aid by supplying nice cake, *blanc mange*, jellies, or preserved fruit. Any friends in the country desinging to give this assistance will please address A. W. WESTON, 21 Cornhill, that the town friends may be apprised how best to arrange their own donations. All articles designed for the Refreshment Table can be left at 15 Winter street, on the 18th or 19th, or before then at the Anti-Slavery Office.

Were every resident in Massachusetts, calling himself or herself an Abolitionist, to resolve to aid the Bazaar either by attendance and purchase, or by donation of money, articles or refreshments, would not the result be such as mightily to enspirit the friends and discourage the foes of Freedom? Let each so resolve and the work will be done.

EVERGREEN, EVERGREEN FOR THE BAZAAR.

We shall be greatly obliged to country friends for a supply of *running pine*, wherewith to decorate our new Hall in Winter street. This will not be difficult of transportation, and may be left at 15 Winter street *on the forenoon of the 18th.* Please, friends, not to fail us. Decorations of this kind, add greatly to the beauty of a Christmas occasion like ours. A. W. W.

TERGIVERSATION.

IT is partly amusing and partly mournful to look at the position of those victims of misplaced confidence who are still trying to retain their old belief in the honesty of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Let us be understood. In questioning the *honesty* of the A. B. C. F. M., we do not mean to implicate them in the direct and literal picking of pockets, or in direct and literal forgery; but *only*, 1st, of a want of fair, candid, above-board, intelligible explanation of their position—2d, of a studious indefiniteness and ambiguity in their general expressions upon matters controverted among their patrons—and, 3d, of a material discrepancy between their representations to the Northern and those to the Southern public. In fact, a large portion of their official papers on the subject of slavery seem to ignore the precept, "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay," and to take rather for their motto that famous French saying, that "the use of language is to conceal our thoughts."

For instance: Mr. Treat's early education was not neglected; he had competent instruction in reading and writing, and was intrusted by the A. B. C. F. M. with the work of explaining their ideas, and advising a certain course of action consequent thereupon, to their missionaries among the Choctaw Indians. Great numbers of persons were interested in that letter, and read it; but its real meaning and purport were then, and are still, as much contested as those of the Apocalypse.

It will be remembered that the "Treat letter" of 1848, while it declared, at length, and with many strong expressions, that slavery was an unchristian, corrupt, wicked and grossly demoralizing system, yet maintained that slaveholding is *not* necessarily sinful, and that slaveholders, intending to continue such, *may* give credible evidence of piety, and must *not*, for their slaveholding, be refused admission to the church. *We* did not hesitate to brand as hollow and worthless that talk against the *word* 'slavery' which was accompanied by a defence of the *thing*, and the offer of shelter to its perpetrators under the wing of the church; but the majority of those Northern "religious newspapers", which cherished some feeling and desired some action against slavery, while they yet loved and aided the missionary operations of the Board, received that letter as entirely satisfactory, and a made question only whether the Board had actually sanctioned and adopted it. Various opinions were expressed upon this point, bnt nothing further was elicited from the Board until the present year, when their connection with slavery was again brought before the public by a dispute between the authorities of the Choctaw nation and the missionaries, the former forbidding the latter to instruct slaves. This occasioned a warm and prolonged debate in the Board, in the course of which ample testimony was given that, unless *some* action was taken in an anti-slavery direction, the customary contributions from the North and West would be very materially diminished in the coming year. Under the pressure of this assurance, three resolutions were passed, which (though couched in the usual indefinite phraseology of the Board upon this subject, and really committing it to nothing except an approval of the withdrawal of its missionaries from schools where they were forbidden to teach slaves to read), answered the purpose of pacification, uniting, not only the movement party of the Board itself, but the editors of papers so far anti-slavery as the *Evangelist* and the *Independent*, in a feeling that all was now right, and the Board freed from complicity with slavery, and worthy of continued support from those who had doubted upon that point. This conviction has ever since been repeated, in strong terms, both by the above-mentioned newspapers and those others, at the North, of the same religious connection, which have shown any zeal or earnestness against slavery.

These things being so, some of the editors who had been cajoled into the persuasion above-mentioned became very much astonished, and somewhat indignant, at finding the following new letter from Secretary Treat, in a Southern, pro-slavery paper:

MISSIONARY HOUSE, BOSTON,
October 7, 1854.

DEAR SIR: In your paper of this date, you publish an extract from the *Watchman and Observer*, and then inquire—"Is this a fair and truthful statement? Did Mr. Treat endeavour to persuade Missionaries to *exclude* slaveholders from the communion? Did he treat them with *threats* that, if they persisted in their course, the Board would *cut them off?* Did he thus undertake to speak for the Board?" To each and all these interrogatories, I answer "No." And I must be allowed to express my great surprise that any one should have supposed me capable of such conduct.

Very sincerely yours, S. B. TREAT,
Sec. of the A. B. C. F. M.

After copying this, the *Christian Statesman*, of Ohio, asks, "What does this mean? Is this old Board playing double with the churches? Has it one face for the North and another for the South? These things look as though the late action (at the Annual Meeting) was a sham to deceive the North." And the *Religious Herald*, of Hartford, Conn., though very unwilling to admit any supposition unfavourable to the candour and honesty of the Secertary and the Board, feels compelled to say, "We are desirous of knowing the precise meaning of the letter in question. We must confess that we are disturbed by the apparent meaning of its phraseology. It may be that, in the exceeding and unfortunate brevity of the epistle, Mr. Treat failed to communicate his actual meaning."

Now, although it is plain enough that both the letters in question and the Resolutions of the Board have been framed with a studied indefiniteness of expression, which might be adapted, by the same skilful rhetoricians, to whatever turn the popular mind may take, towards either slavery or freedom, in the coming year, they contain a certain amount of positive meaning—a committal of the writers and the Board to certain definite things—which may be plainly distinguished by the *unbiassed* searcher, and are doubtful only to those who insist on assuming the fair and honest dealing of the writers. Viewed without this prepossession, it is manifest, first, that the Board have chosen not to relinquish their connection with slavery, and not to recall their explicit permission, given in the first "Treat Letter," that slaveholders, intending to continue such, *may join their churches*; and next, that they have chosen to wrap this action or inaction in such a cloud of words, to surround it with so much censure of the system of slavery *in general*, to interweave with it so many cheap technicalities of piety and charity, and, by the partial quotation and distorted use of Scripture language, so (falsely) to represent themselves as occupying the same position with Christ and the Apostles—that we are justified in supposing that they *intended* to do what they have actually done, namely, to bewilder and mislead the simple men who trusted in their piety and honesty.

But the most refined and concentrated specimen of this sort of impudence has lately been exhibited by Dr. Dewey, who, in a few brief consecutive sentences (lately chronicled and commented on in this paper), first complained of continued and malignant misrepresentation, next denied the charge in question, affirming such delinquency on his part to be neither actual nor possible, next appealed to his character in corroboration of his denial, and lastly confessed the charge substantially true, uttering the last sentence with the same air of injured innocence as the first. Imagine a proved criminal escaping sentence merely because his name "Kane" was spelt in the indictment "Cain," and then detaining the court with talk about his *character*, and bitter complaints against the witnesses who had proved him a felon, and you have the parallel to Dr. Dewey's recent exposure of himself. Of what eartly consequence was it (morally considered) whether it was mother or brother that he would "consent" to abandon to the horrors of slavery for the sake of saving the Union? He who consents to the existence of a slave necessarily consents to that of a slaveholder; and if there be any force or meaning in language, Dr. Dewey's confessed words imply his deliberate acquiescence in the indefinite, *unobstructed* continuance of slavery AS IT IS in this country. As to his character, it will hardly operate in *mitigation* of damages, in the present matter, for his life and language have alike been consistently pro-slavery.

THE NEW YORK FEMALE AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY.

IT is painfully interesting to observe how slavery, in its influence, pervades and controls every department of society throughout the whole extent of our wide Republic. The Slave Power is felt, dreaded and obeyed in the pulpit, the counting-house, the office, the work-shop, the political caucus, and in the Boards of our benevolent and religious societies. Its pressure, like that of the atmosphere, is universal and unremitting, although habit may often render us unconscious of its weight.

These thoughts were suggested by the perusal of the last report of the City Female Bible Society. This document, although containing not the most distant allusion to the American Moloch, was evidently written under fear of the Demon. Speaking of the need of a wider diffusion of the Scriptures, the ladies assert, "of the six millions of families in the United States, it is thought that ONE MILLION is without the Bible." Now, on what basis is this appalling statement founded? Do the ladies, in proof of the accuracy of their estimate, refer us to the millions of native-born Americans, who are, *by law*, prevented from reading the Bible? Ah no! They dare not thus call attention to the abominations of slavery, and, as if in terror at having excited a train of reflections which might possibly cause the wretched slaves to be remembered, they seek with trembling hand to direct the attention of the reader to a very different class, for they add, in the same sentence, "And of the millions of EMIGRANTS who land on our shores, nearly all are destitute of the sacred volume." Thus adroitly is our commiseration turned from the millions of our own countrymen deprived by law of the means of reading the Bible, and excited for millions of foreigners, who are at full liberty to read it if they please; and thus cunningly is all indignation suppressed in the breasts of the friends of the Bible, against those who, by execrable laws, seal up the volume of inspiration to three or four millions of their fellow-men.

The ladies ask, "What lever but the powerful WORD can raise the prostrate masses of humanity"? The very question is virtually a declaration that the Bible *is* the only lever by which the prostrate masses can be raised. Now, what masses of humanity, let us ask these ladies, are more prostrate than our millions of slaves, deprived of marriage, robbed of every personal, domestic and civil right, and sold in the market, parents and children, like and with the beasts of the field? Yet for *these* prostrate masses, the ladies of the Bible Society bestow not one thought, utter not one word of sympathy, but they call our attention to the *emigrants* who land on our shores! Could Christian women have manifested such heartlessness on such a subject, except through fear of the Demon?

But there are other prostrate masses in our country besides slaves. In Virginia are 54,000 coloured persons who are acknowledged by law to be *free*. But these people are allied to the slaves by race and complexion, and hence the slaveholders think it their interest to keep them also in brutal ignorance. A few weeks only before the ladies of the Bible Society assembled, a sister, Mrs. Douglass, had been discharged from the jail at Norfolk, in which she had been imprisoned for a month, in pursuance of a judicial sentence, for the crime of having taught a few children of *free* coloured parents to read. "I used no books," said Mrs. Douglass, "but the Bible, and those which illustrated it." For this crime, and for this only, was she treated as a *felon*. The newspapers made known her trial and judgment, and the infamy of her persecutors. And what greeting did the ladies of the Bible Society send to their sister who has thus suffered affliction for applying the only lever that can raise the prostrate masses? Greeting! why the Demon forbids northern Christians to notice this fact, that a single human being in our land is prevented by law from reading the Bible, and hence, when we wish to declaim in behalf of religious liberty and the right of every man to read the Bible, we get up meetings to denounce the Duke of Tuscany, falsely accused of having imprisoned a man and his wife, for the sole offence of reading the Bible.

It being understood that the Bible is only for *white* people, the slaveholders are on very good terms with the American Bible Society, especially as the Bible is interpreted by the professors of cotton divinity, both North and South, as sanctioning every species of cruelty and injustice towards the poor and friendless whom the civil power may think it expedient to convert into slaves. Of course, the ladies are free to eulogize the Parent Society. They tell us that, "with a wide sweep, the Bible Society passes over the *whole field* of benevolence, allying itself with all forms of Christian philanthropy, and cooperating with all who look for the recompense of reward." If the effort to raise the prostrate masses of humanity in our country be indeed one form of Christian philanthropy, it is to be regretted that the ladies did not point out the mode in which the Society had allied itself to that form. Has the Society ever remonstrated against the vile, detestable laws which keep its own Bibles out of the hands of millions of our countrymen? Did it show its sympathy for the prostrate masses when it selected GARDINER SPRING to dedicate its new house, after he had publicly asserted that could he emancipate the slaves by a prayer, he would not utter it! and that he rejoiced that the Fugitive law would drive fugitive slaves out of the city of New York!! Did the Society ally itself with Christian philanthropy, or even with Christian decency, when it appointed the Rev. IRENEUS PRIME its delegate to represent American Christianity on the platform of the British and Foreign Bible Society? This man, as Editor of a most malignant organ of cotton divinity (*New York Observer*), had zealously laboured to destroy the influence of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by vulgar abuse of both the book and its author. Not satisfied with giving aid and comfort to Joel Parker, in his absurd claim on Mrs. Stowe for $20,000 as damages for a pretended libel on his character, this same Mr. Prime had the effrontery to denounce the book itself as "ANTI-CHRISTIAN." As if, in reference to this malignant charge, the venerable Dr. Wardlaw remarked at a public meeting, "He who can read the book without the breathings of devotion must, if he calls himself a Christian, have a Christianity as unique and questionable as his humanity." Now, it was with a full knowledge of Mr. Prime's unique and questionable Christianity that the Managers of the American Bible Society honoured him with the appointment of their delegate to England. The appointment, of course, excited great indignation in England; and so loudly and emphatically was that indignation expressed, that the reviler of Mrs. Stowe and the apologist of human bondage did not dare to show his face on the platform. Well, indeed, did the Adams (Ohio) Bible Society resolve in relation to this disgraceful appointment—"We seriously disapprove of the conduct of the Managers in sending this man, and would respectfully ask that there be not a recurrence of this kind in future."

Let us hope that the next time the ladies praise the American Bible Society for allying itself to all forms of Christian philanthropy, there may be no new acts of obsequiousness to the Slave Power, to falsify the eulogium.

A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

IN GEORGIA, Nov. 25.

FAREWELL, my favourite Southern City! Willingly would I spend a few years of my life in Charleston; for I love its old customs; its pleasant suburbs; its beautiful promenade by the river; its proud-souled sons; and, above all, its warm-hearted and beautiful daughters. I hate its hatred of Liberty, and all its embodiments of that spirit—the *Mercury*, for example, and the Sugar House, the night-watchmen and the Mayor's Court, where iniquity is daily enacted in the forms of law; but, in spite of all these and other of its offences against Justice, I love the high-spirited city of Calhoun.

But I dare not sacrifice my principles to my happiness, and therefore I have taken my departure in peace—not caring, also, to leave it in costumes of other's choosing.

I sailed from Charleston to Savannah. The bay of Charleston is a beautiful bay. Nature has evidently designed it as the entrance to a metropolitan city. Charleston, I believe, is destined to be the New York of the Southern States. Perhaps it may yet be the rival of that city—but not before Slavery is abolished, not in South Carolina alone, but in every State of the North American Continent. The day is rapidly approaching when that event shall be consummated. "When the task of bricks is doubled"—say the Mystics—"Moses is near." If this saying be true, the Southern Moses is not far off! Emancipation is coming—of that I am assured—but whether it will come from the North, clad in the robes of peace, or from the cabins of the South, armed with the terrors of a servile war—that it is impossible to forsee. My earnest prayer is—"Emancipation, peacefully if possible; but, at any cost—Emancipation."

Charleston supports four daily newspapers. The *Courier* has the largest circulation. It prints about ten thousand copies. The Charleston *Evening News*—a semi-literary sheet—claims to be second in rank of popularity; its proprietors say that its circulation is only one-sixth less than that of the *Courier*. I believe that this assertion is false—the *Standard*, if I am correctly informed, is the second in point of circulation. The *Mercury*—the celebrated fire-eating journal and the organ of the Southern Disunionists—is reported to print about six or seven thousand copies daily. If the proprietors of the *Evening News* speak truly of *their* circulation, the celebrated *Mercury* has the smallest circulation of the journals of Charleston!

The *Mercury* is owned by Messrs. Heart & Taber. Taber is the Editor; Heart the man of business. It is Taber who writes those ultra pro-slavery leaders, that are so often quoted by Northern journals. Taber is a true type of the South Carolinian. He is an aristocrat worthy of High Tory adoration. He is a despiser of Compromises. He deserves to be admired for his consistency. A few years ago, when the subject of education was agitated in his State, he said, in the South Carolina Legislature, that the poor had no more right to education than the slaves. This remark produced great excitement out-of-doors. Democracy started in surprise! His opponents seized the opportunity of increasing his unpopularity—and succeeded. He has never regained the popularity he lost by that *consistent* remark

reasons advanced to account for this difference. "No care on their minds," say some; "come from a warm climate," says another—"two centuries ago?" inquired I, ironically. The *true* Reason is that the whites are effeminate and enfeebled by idleness, debauchery and drunkenness, while the blacks are industrious, temperate and *as virtuous as their conditions admits of*. Of course, I do not mean to infer that the coloured female slaves are chaste: *for it is utterly impossible for chastity and slavery to exist in the same city or State.* Coloured females *must* submit either to their masters or to others. For almost every young man in a southern city, there is somewhere around a little coloured child uncommonly like him! I have jocularly talked "on a certain subject" with hundreds of young boys in the slave States*; but I *never yet* met or heard of any boy of above 14 years of age who had not violated at least *one* of the commandments. Guess which one! Let clergymen think of this fact; let Gardiner Spring pray for its continuance!

Savannah is a city of some 20,000 inhabitants.

How many policemen, do you think, it requires to keep the peace there?

Eighty-one mounted Guards.

There are larger cities in the Northern States with but *one* constable, and he engaged only occasionally in performing his official duties!

Who pay the expenses of this Guard—for the salaries of the eighty-one, for the purchase, and feed, and accoutrements of the horses?

Chiefly, *the non-slaveholding population.*

Let "Democratic" supporters of slavery reflect on this fact!

In all slaveholding cities, the Lawyers form the richest and most influential class.

Let the People think of this fact; let them remember, too, that Lawyers are the leeches of the body politic.

JOHN BALL, JR.

*The writer is a young working-man.—ED.

LETTER FROM A. T. FOSS.

To the Editors of the Standard:

On the 18th of September, in company with C. S. S. and Josephine Griffing, I commenced an Anti-Slavery Convention in the town of Saline, Washtenaw Co., Mich. The Methodist house was obtained for our Convention, with the exception of Sunday forenoon. The minister in charge would not yield his claim to the pulpit at that hour. In the afternoon, he had no claim which the trustees could not overrule, as he preached at that time in the neighbouring town.

On Saturday the weather was stormy and the roads in a wretched condition, and but few persons were present. The prospect seemed gloomy enough. In the evening, however, a good number were out, and considerable interest was manifested. Near the close of the meeting, the Methodist minister, Mr. Jennings, arose, and, after professing his interest in the anti-slavery cause, commenced an attack upon Mr. and Mrs. Griffing, for what he termed their wholesale denunciation of the churches, at a meeting which they had holden some six weeks before. He said that the Michigan Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church had passed resolutions requesting the General Conference to take measures to free the Methodist Episcopal Church from slavery within three years, and he thought this church was not deserving the severe criticism which had been passed upon it. The reply was that the above resolutions themselves were open to and deserving severe criticism, inasmuch as they showed plainly enough that the Michigan Conference did not regard American slavery as a crime; else they would not give an implied license to continue in it three years. He was asked if he preached to sinners in his congregation that they must repent in *three years*. Our friends vindicated their positions triumphantly, and, as I believe, to the satisfaction of every candid person present; and such was the belief, openly expressed, of some of the church members present of different denominations. On Sunday morning, we listened to a very dry and insipid talk from Mr. Jennings, on the Scripture, "Stand ye in the ways and inquire for the old path," &c. When he had concluded, I could not prevent the thought, however I might its utterance, that his "*old path*" was only the Methodist *Trail*.

In the P. M. we recommenced our Convention with a full house. Josephine Griffing gave a speech which, for ability and adaptation, could hardly be excelled, and which I have rarely seen equalled. She spoke of the rights of man as founded in his being—in the constitution of his very nature—in the relations which he sustains to God and his fellows. These she declared to be the "*Old paths*," "*the good and right way.*" The earnest attention, and strong emotion with which this able appeal was listened to by the congregation was widely in contrast with the dosy dullness of the morning hour. In the evening, I spoke of the relations of the Baptist churches of this land to the Slave Power, and the sanction which they were giving to slavery. This brought up a Dr. Post, who is a member of the Baptist church in this town. He made his attack mainly upon what I had said the Saturday evening preceding. I had stated that the slave did not have the same Gospel preached to him as was preached to the white freeman. He contended that no difference was made. He said he had lived at the South and he knew what he affirmed.

In opposition to this testimony, the testimony of Dr. Nelson, and a number of other Southern men, who had been bred up in the midst of slavery, was put in—all of them declaring that, in the sermons preached to slaves, duty to the master was made the paramount law of religion. It was shown, by reference to the sermons of Bishop Meade, prepared and published for the only purpose of being read to slaves, and which could not with the least propriety be read to others, as applicable to them, that the slave was taught that his humble and miserable condition was appointed by Almighty God, as the best for him, and that any murmuring or discontent at his not being *free*, and rich, and great, as he saw others, was finding fault with God, who would punish him severely for it in the next world, &c., &c.

The interest had now become intense; and we appointed another meeting for Monday evening. When the hour for meeting came, we were greeted with a large and expectant congregation. Chas. Griffing spoke with much clearness and force upon the relation of the ecclesiastical bodies of the land to the system of slavery; and laid bare, to the gaze of the people, their shameless hypocrisy. At the conclusion of his speech, Mrs. G. arose to speak; when Rev. Mr. Root, the Presbyterian clergyman, came forward, and inquired if this was a free meeting, and if a reply to what had been said would be permitted. He was informed that although in his meetings no such right would be granted to us, yet, our meetings were all free, and he could reply under the rules which are observed in debate. I should have mentioned in its place, that Dr. Post, the previous evening, had introduced a written testimony from the Rev. gentleman, stating that he had spent a year in Maryland, and he knew the slaves had the whole Gospel preached to them. He stated, however, that obedience to the master was enforced. He did not say whether he considered this a part of the Gospel. Perhaps he would be understood that they have the Gospel and something more preached to them. Well, Mr. Root was here himself now, with his brother Methodist minister, and Dr. Post, the Baptist, and a drunken Doctor, in the same corner with them, and evidently in their interests, who gave us no little annoyance with his almost ceaseless mutterings, when we attempted our replies; although perfectly still when the Rev. gentlemen were speaking. Mr. Root's great labour was to justify his paper statement of the previous evening. He read the statements of Southern clergymen (slaveholders) of the many and great privileges of the slaves—of the many great and wonderful revivals of religion among them—what large numbers of them were church members, and rejoicing in hope of final and perfect felicity. To all this, the fitting reply was given. In making reply to Mr. R., I attempted to state his positions fairly. He constantly demurred to my statement of them. I at last asked him if he would now say what he had stated in his paper the preceding evening, "that the slaves had the whole Gospel preached them"? Answer, yes. Are they taught to read the Scripture? Answer, yes. I, of course, showed that if this were so, which every sane man must know is as utter a falsehood as man could speak, it would be adding insult to injury, as these very man, who so preach, are acquiescent, to say the least, in laws which forbid them the knowledge of letters.

Doctor Post had some reading to do in defence of the whole Gospel for the slave doctrine, which this religious trinity had set up. Near the close of the meeting, at about eleven o'clock, the Methodist minister inquired to know if we would discuss the following resolve, which had evidently been drawn up previous to the meeting: "Resolved, that it is the duty of all honest men to immediately disconnect themselves from the churches and government of this land." We promptly accepted the affirmative of the question. This evidently was not expected, and some whispering consultations were held. Just as the meeting was about closing, Mr. T. stated that I had told a lie, and on that ground he declined any debate with me. The lie charged was this: I had stated, the Saturday evening previous, that the same Gospel was not preached to the slave as to others at the South. Mr. Jennings stated that I had said that salvation by faith in Christ was not preached to the slave. I stated, although I thought the statement entirely correct, yet I was willing to meet the question on that ground, and would then admit this form, and argued the point on this ground. Now, this lie, as he charged, was perpetrated previous to the challenge of the Rev. gentleman for the debate. The ground, therefore, on which he backed out was evidently an afterthought and a subterfuge. Doctor Post, who is evidently a very brainless and impudent fellow, proposed himself for the debate. We stated that with either of the gentlemen or any responsible person, we were ready, and even anxious, to debate the question; but, as Mr. J. had refused to debate with me, on the ground of want of character, we would, on the same ground, decline any debate with the Doctor.

Mr. Jennings now informed me that we could not have the house any longer. We, therefore, appointed for the next evening in a large and convenient school-house. Although the next evening was quite unpropitious, yet, a crowded house greeted our glad hearts.

Mr. Root was missing. Mr. Jennings was on hand with the redoubtable doctor, and the tippling doctor, with a certain lawyer, books, pencil and paper in hand, and evidently prepared for a desperate fight. Mrs. G. spoke over an hour and three-quarters, upon the religious aspects of the anti-slavery question, with much force and clearness. It was evident that the hearts of the people were with her and the slave. Before she closed, the lawyer slunk out with his books, and the minister and the sober doctor had drawn down so as to be no longer visible above the people. The triumph was complete; the people's verdict was full and overwhelming. We appointed for the next evening, when we had another triumphant meeting, with not a dog to move his tongue.

I have never attended a more thrillingly interesting meeting, or one which gave more promise of great and permanent good.

Yours, in and through the contest,

A. T. FOSS.

KANSAS ELECTION.—The vote for Territorial Delegates to Congress is reported to stand: Flenniken (Free Labour Dem.), 305. Judge Wakefield, 228. Gen. Whitfield (pro-slavery), 2,248. Dr. Chapman (pro-slavery), 16. Pomeroy, 1. Blood, 1. William L. Garrison, 1. The election of Whitfield was effected by the most outrageous frauds. The game was entirely in the hands of the fire-eating Missourians residing in the counties along the river, who crossed over by the hundred at all points, and took forcible possession of the polls, to the exclusion of actual and bona-fide residents of the Territory. At the advice and under the auspices of Senator Atchison (who resides in Platte County), associations were organized for the purpose of importing votes from Missouri, and boasts were openly made that large sums of money had been raised to pay the expense. A gentleman writes to the *Tribune* that, being in Weston, Missouri (3 miles from the Kansas line), the Sunday and Monday previous to the election, he saw persons passing through that town, on their way to the polls, in companies of from two to thirty, in buggies, wagons, on horseback and on mules. Most of them came provided with the instittutions peculiar to the country—pistols, bowie-knives, and whiskey; and were not at all choice in their language, particularly when speaking of those who dared to differ with them in opinion. Many of them registered their names at the hotels as residing at all the towns on the Missouri side of the river, and openly laughed at the idea of ever making their homes in the Territory. Every vehicle that had wheels to run, and every animal that had legs to go, were brought into requisition to carry these "free and independent" voters to the polls, and by Monday evening there were scarcely men enough left in the town to take care of the women and children. Nearly the whole male population, including lawyers, doctors, editors, landlords, merchants and loafers, all had gone over to Kansas, to show by their presence their approval and appreciation of the *great* principle of "popular sovereignty!" Most of these gentlemen went to a point known as "One Hundred and Ten," to cast their votes; and when the return from that district was received, it showed a poll of over *six hundred* votes—and all for Whitfield—when every man in Kansas knows that there are not over fifty legal voters in the district. During this emigration, the whiskey trade was quite brisk at Westport. One of the grocers was heard to say he had sold eighty gallons on Monday. At least five hundred men passed through Westport in these two days!!!

At Leavenworth, as soon as the poll opened, the window was taken possession of by a party of thirty or forty ruffians who stood there until night, cursing, swearing and browbeating every man who dared to vote against Whitfield. They were armed to the teeth, and determined to vote at all hazards, regardless of all honour, law and justice. Not even the sanctity of an oath could debar these men from carrying out their purposes. I heard men openly proclaim, with the fumes of bad whiskey issuing from their throats, and with the name of the great Jehovah on their lips, that they had "sworn to all that was asked of them"; and I heard one of the Judges who held the election declare that "some of them came up and swore that they lived in Kansas, and intended to make it their permanent home, who no more intended to leave Missouri than they intended going to Egypt." Drunkenness and fighting were the order of the day; stones were thrown and pistols fired through the windows into the room occupied by the officers; and a number of anonymous letters were sent into their room threatening personal violence, and the destruction of their house, if they persisted in swearing their men and rejecting their votes. Those who were suspected of not belonging to the faithful were denounced as "d——d Abolitionists"; and in several instances they were demanded to "show their tickets." In the afternoon, their courage and spunk increased with the quantity of whiskey imbibed; and those who had possession of the window openly swore that "*no man should vote that day unless he voted for Whitfield.*" By this species of intimidation and violence were the real settlers driven away from the polls.

The number of voters from Missouri is believed to have been not less than 1,500. A fine illustration of what the slaveholders mean by "Popular Sovereignty"!

NEW YORK ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

THE Third Lecture of the Anti-Slavery Course was delivered at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, by the Rev. ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, to a crowded and deeply attentive auditory. Her subject—The Influence of Slavery upon Woman, and Woman's Duty in relation thereto—was one, the very statement of which was a sufficient vindication of the propriety as well as the rightfulness of her appearance upon the platform. If, in that large assembly, there were any who expected to find, either in the matter or the manner of the speaker, anything to confirm the too popular impression that a woman cannot speak in public without appearing unwomanly, they must, we are sure, have been made to feel that their anticipations were the fruit of an unworthy and groundless prejudice. The lecture was in every respect a creditable performance, and the close attention with which it was heard, as well as the hearty applause which followed its delivery, was a proof that it made the desired impression upon the audience.

William Wells Brown is the next lecturer. His subject will be, "Our National Character, and how it is viewed from a distance."

CAPT. SMITH AND THE EVANGELIST.

IN another column will be found a report, from the *New York Evangelist*, of certain disclosures made to the editor of that journal, by Capt. Smith, now in the Tombs awaiting sentence under a conviction of having been engaged in the Slave Trade. Since the publication of these disclosures, the following letter has appeared in the daily papers:

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: I read, in the *Tribune* of the 8th instant, Confessions said to have been made by me, relating to the Slave Trade, to the Editor of the *Evangelist*. I beg to inform you that these statements are utterly false; nor can I see the reason of this clerical gentleman for publishing such falsehood, unless he intends to influence the public mind against me, or, after having read Capt. Canot's work, tried to publish a similar novel, which to him, no doubt, is very interesting.

I beg of you to do me the favour to give these lines a place in your paper, and oblige,

Yours, respectfully, JAMES SMITH, Capt.

City Prison, Dec. 10, 1854.

The motives which prompted this letter are easily divined. We presume the editor of the *Evangelist* will believed in preference to the pirate.

TRACT No. I.—The first tract of the new series is issued and may be found at this Office, and at the Anti-Slavery Offices in Boston and Philadelphia. Its title is "THE UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION," and the subject is treated under these four heads, namely: I. The Constitution is a pro-slavery Instrument, according to the necessary meaning of its terms. II. The Framers of the Constitution intended to make a pro-slavery Instrument. III. The Constitution has been treated as a pro-slavery Instrument by the Government, in practice. IV. The Constitution is pro-slavery, according to the Exposition of its Final Interpreter. In a pamphlet of twelve pages, it is not possible, of course, to attempt a reply to all the arguments that have been adduced on the other side of the question. But Wm. I. Bowditch—the author of this Tract—does better than make any such attempt; he states clearly, logically, and, it seems to us, unanswerably the argument as to the popular interpretation of the Constitution, and proves it, rationally, philologically and historically, to be the only just and true interpretation.

This Tract will be widely scattered, and we hope as widely read. Nor do we see how any one can escape from its conclusion, and, that being granted, how the corrollary can be avoided—that to such an instrument we can owe neither allegiance nor support.

The Tract, it will be remembered, is for gratuitous distribution. Those wishing for them can aid the Fund, if they please, when they call or send for the Tracts.

THE *National Era* will enter upon its ninth volume on the first of January. As a *political* anti-slavery newspaper, the *Era* is always well posted up, and as thorough as its allegiance to the Union will permit it to be; but its devotion to politics is such that it gives comparatively little attention to the ecclesiastical and religious influences by which slavery is chiefly supported. If it were to become as faithful in exposing the guilt of the American Church as it is in laying bare the arts and plots of the old political parties, it would increase its usefulness, though it would probably diminish the number of its readers. We are not so unreasonable, however, as to be unwilling to leave others to chose for themselves the path in which they will serve the cause of freedom, nor so blind as not to perceive that good may be effected by those who do not, in all things, come up to our standard. If the *Era* were to double its circulation in the next three months, we should regard the event as an evidence that the cause is making progress, and rejoice accordingly. As for ourselves, we find the luxury of speaking the whole truth, "without concealment and without compromise," so sweet and fructifying as to compensate us a thousand times over for the meagreness of the audience that waits upon our ministrations.

CONGRESS.—There is very little in the proceedings of this body during the past week that is worthy of notice. In the Senate, Mr. Adams, of *Mississippi*, put in his bid, in behalf of the Slave Power, for the favour of the Know-Nothings, by introducing a bill extending the period for the naturalization of foreigners to 21 years. Among the reasons for passing such a bill, he stated that foreigners generally joined the Abolitionists!!!! In the same body, on Tuesday, a debate occurred on the appointment of Chaplain, which was made to turn upon the Slavery Question. The House having chosen a Methodist for Chaplain, Mr. Seward proposed that the Senate should appoint one of another denomination. This was treated as a personal attack upon Mr. Slicer for his sentiments in favour of the Nebraska bill, and the slaveholders and their tools united in reelecting him!

In the House, on Monday, Mr. Giddings made a brief speech, in which he referred to the significant fact that, for the first time in 25 years, the President's Message was silent in regard to slavery. It was evident, he said, that the President had been alarmed by the result of the recent elections. He gave the Administration some pretty severe thrusts.

ANOTHER FILLIBUSTER SCHEME.—A writer in the Baltimore *Argus* states that another Fillibustering expedition is on foot for the invasion of Cuba. He says:

"I have just read a letter from Gen. John A. Quitman, commander of the invading force, to a gentleman in Baltimore, wherein the plan of operations is distinctly set forth. In the first place, the General declares that it is especially desirable to invade any infraction of the neutrality laws, and to that end it is essential that the expedition should be organized to some locality adjacent to, but outside of, our borders. The invading army is to be composed of five thousand men—picked bloods of the country—each man is to pay his own expenses to the place of rendezvous, and to contribute fifty dollars towards his own equipment. Some efficient ex-officers of the U. S. Service are engaged, and, thus organized, a descent is to be made at some point near the Havana, where the Spanish defences are strongest, thus, by the very audacity of the movement, striking terror into the tyrants who rule the destinies of the 'Gem of the Antilles!' However audacious and hair-brained this movement may appear in the face of the opposition which must be arrayed against it, I know too much of the adventurers concerned therein to doubt that it is seriously contemplated. The Administration, though duly informed of all that is intended, will probably, under the circumstances, be powerless to prevent the serious consequences that may befall."

COMPROMISE.—Mr. Giddings, in the course of his Lecture, at the Tabernacle, last week, took occasion to express his feelings in relation to "compromises" and to relate an incident, in substance, as follows:

"I cannot forbear telling you how I hate the very word 'compromise.' I have sat in the Hall of the House of Representatives and heard men gravely talking of compromising God's law—of repealing and modifying Heaven's enactments in regard to the eternal and inalienable rights of man, until my whole moral being has become nauseated. Again and again have I heard the Chaplain of the House pray that God would 'inspire the members with the feeling of brotherly kindness and *compromise*.' Year after year, he never omitted the word 'compromise' in his prayer, until, one day, Mr. Chase of Ohio went to him and said, 'Mr. Slicer, the Free Sollers are becoming outraged at your prayers.' 'Indeed! How so?' inquired the Chaplain. 'Why,' said Mr. Chase, 'you are all the time praying for compromise; now every one of the Free Sollers is deadly opposed to all compromise, and they are determined to go against your prayers and see which is the strongest; and, unless your prayers are more powerful than they are, they will gain the day' (laughter). 'I am sorry to offend anybody,' said Mr. Slicer; and from that day to this he has never breathed the word 'compromise'" (laughter and applause).

GEORGE THOMPSON AN EDITOR.—Wm. Farmer writes to the *Liberator* that Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON, the justly celebrated lecturer on slavery, has purchased the *Empire*, a weekly London newspaper of several years standing and having a circulation of 5,000, and that he would be the editor thereof on and after Nov. 27th. Mr. Farmer says that the paper will be devoted to the "fearless advocacy of all reformatory movements" in Great Britain—that "it will be a pioneer paper, leading on, instead of following, the public mind"—and that it will aim to create "a sound public sentiment in England upon the question of American Abolitionism." Of course we need not say how much pleasure it will afford us to welcome Mr. Thompson to the editorial fraternity, nor how hearty will be our wishes for his success in a field of labour so new to him, and so important to the cause of reform. He will be assisted by gentlemen of ability, like-minded with himself. We hope he may have many readers on this side of the Atlantic.

"HALLETT'S GRAND JURY," which has made itself conspicuous by bringing indictments against Parker, Higginson and others, is, according to the Boston *Telegraph*, attracting a good deal of attention, and the way in which it was got together, and the influences brought to bear upon it are likely to get a pretty thorough sifting. The *Telegraph* says:

"With some men in office, and where personal hate combines with political antipathy, and with the facility there is of clothing, with ingenious and well-disposed judges on the bench, the greatest rascalities under the form of law (and especially of such pretended laws as the Fugitive Slave act), there is nothing, however outrageous, that may not be expected and should not be guarded against. Things are fast ripening for the time when, by a much needed amendment of our Federal Judiciary, every one of our present judges will be swept from the bench."

"CITIZEN OF THE WORLD."—Mr. George W. Taylor will commence, on the first of January, the issue of a Monthly Magazine, under the above title, to be edited by ELIHU BURRITT. Each number will consist of 16 double-column octavo pages, and the price per annum will be 50 cents. Mr. Burritt proposes to glean and record all hopeful signs of progress, and to view all principles, policies, events, institutions and enterprises from the elevated stand-point of human brotherhood. He will, no doubt, have a large number of readers.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS are in a fair way to be annexed to the United States, a treaty to that effect only waiting, at last advices, for the promised signature of the King. The slaveholders will endeavour to open the territory of the islands to the peculiar institution, and, failing in that, to keep them out of the Union until they can secure Cuba, when they will be willing to admit them under the old plea of "compromise."

THE *Rhode Island Freeman*, we are sorry to learn, is so inadequately supported, that it is likely to be discontinued within a few weeks. The friends of freedom in that State owe it to themselves and to their cause to avert such a calamity. Differing from the *Freeman*, as we do, on some points, we yet esteem it highly and hope for its continuance.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 551, contains part of a very interesting notice of William Cowper, from the North British Review; a longer article, from the Westminster, on Madame de Sable; "A Tragedy in Married Life," and a variety of shorter articles, as well as several poems. New York: Littell, Son & Co., 343 Broadway

New Publications

WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS. By HENRY D. THOREAU, Author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."

THESE books spring from a depth of thought which will not suffer them to be put by, and are written in a spirit in striking contrast with that which is uppermost in our time and country. Out of the heart of practical, hard-working, progressive New England come these Oriental utterances. The life exhibited in them teaches us, much more impressively than any number of sermons could, that this Western activity of which we are so proud, these material improvements, this commercial enterprise, this rapid accumulation of wealth, even our external, associated philanthropic action, are very easily overrated. The true glory of the human soul is not to be reached by the most rapid travelling in car or steamboat, by the instant transmission of intelligence however far, by the most speedy accumulation of a fortune, and however efficient measures we may adopt for the reform of the intemperate, the emancipation of the enslaved, &c., it will avail little unless we are ourselves essentially noble enough to inspire those whom we would so benefit with nobleness. External bondage is trifling compared with the bondage of an ignoble soul. Such things are often said, doubtless, in pulpits and elsewhere, but the men who say them are too apt to live just with the crowd, and so their words come more and more to ring with a hollow sound.

It is refreshing to find in these books the sentiments of one man whose aim manifestly is to *live*, and not to waste his time upon the externals of living. Educated at Cambridge, in the way called liberal, he seems determined to make a liberal life of it, and not to become the slave of any calling, for the sake of earning a reputable livelihood or of being regarded as a useful member of society. He evidently considers it his first business to become more and more a living, advancing soul, knowing that thus alone (though he desires to think as little as possible about that) can he be, in any proper sense, useful to others. Mr. Thoreau's view of life has been called selfish. His own words, under the head of "Philanthropy" in Walden, are the amplest defence against this charge, to those who can appreciate them. In a deeper sense than we commonly think, charity begins at home. The man who, with any fidelity, obeys his own genius, serves men infinitely more by so doing, becoming an encouragement, a strengthener, a fountain of inspiration to them, than if he were to turn aside from his path and exhaust his energies in striving to meet their superficial needs. As a thing by the way, aside from our proper work, we may seek to remove external obstacles from the path of our neighbours, but no man can help them much who makes that his main business, instead of seeking evermore, with all his energies, to reach the loftiest point which his imagination sets before him, thus adding to the stock of true nobleness in the world.

But suppose all men should pursue Mr. Thoreau's course, it is asked triumphantly, as though, then, we should be sure to go back to barbarism. Let it be considered, in the first place, that no man could pursue his course who was a mere superficial imitator, any more than it would be a real imitation of Christ if all men were to make it their main business to go about preaching the Gospel to each other. Is it progress toward barbarism to simplify one's outward life for the sake of coming closer to Nature and to the realm of ideas? Is it civilization and refinement to be occupied evermore with adding to our material conveniences, comforts and luxuries, to make ourselves not so much living members as dead tools of society, in some bank, shop, office, pulpit or kitchen? If men were to follow in Mr. Thoreau's steps, by being more obedient to their loftiest instincts, there would, indeed, be a falling off in the splendour of our houses, in the richness of our furniture and dress, in the luxury of our tables, but how poor are these things in comparison with the new grandeur and beauty which would appear in the souls of men. What fresh and inspiring conversation should we have, instead of the wearisome gossip which now meets us at every turn. Men toil on, wearing out body or soul, or both, that they may accumulate a needless amount of the externals of living; that they may win the regard of those no wiser than themselves; their natures become warped and hardened to their pursuits; they get fainter and fainter glimpses of the glory of the world, and, by and by, comes into their richly-adorned parlours some wise and beautiful soul, like the writer of these books, who, speaking from the fullness of his inward life, makes their luxuries appear vulgar, showing that, in a direct way, he has obtained the essence of that which his entertainers have been vainly seeking for at such a terrible expense.

It seems remarkable that these books have received no more adequate notice in our Literary Journals. But the class of scholars are often as blind as others to any new elevation of soul. In Putnam's Magazine, Mr. Thoreau is spoken of as an oddity, as the Yankee Diogenes, as though the really ridiculous oddity were not in us of the "starched shirt-collar" rather than in this devotee of Nature and Thought. Some have praised the originality and profound sympathy with which he views natural objects. We might as well stop with praising Jesus for the happy use he has made of the lilies of the field. The fact of surpassing interest for us is the simple grandeur of Mr. Thoreau's position—a position open to us all, and of which this sympathy with Nature is but a single result. This is seen in the less descriptive, more purely thoughtful passages, such as that upon Friendship in the "Wednesday" of the "Week," and in those upon "Solitude," "What I lived for," and "Higher Laws," in "Walden," as well as in many others in both books. We do not believe that, in the whole course of literature, ancient and modern, so noble a discourse upon Friendship can be produced as that which Mr. Thoreau has given us. It points to a relation, to be sure, which, from the ordinary level of our lives, may seem remote and dreamy. But it is our thirst for, and glimpses of, such things which indicate the greatness of our nature, which give the purest charm and colouring to our lives. The striking peculiarity of Mr. Thoreau's attitude is, that while he is no religionist, and while he is eminently practical in regard to the material economies of life, he yet manifestly feels, through and through, that the loftiest dreams of the imagination are the solidest realities, and so the only foundation for us to build upon, while the affairs in which men are everywhere busying themselves so intensely are comparatively the merest froth and foam.

Summary.

A SLAVE FREED.—The slave Harry Tyler, for whose purchase contributions were made in this city and New York, is now free and on his way here. Mrs. Thomas C. Allen and her daughter collected in Philadelphia the sum of $462, and $239 were contributed in New York.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Dick, who was hung at Dayton, the other day, was inclined to have no faith in any religion but the Catholic, yet he was visited occasionally by Protestant ministers. About a week before he was hung, he was asked by one of these gentlemen, a worthy and talented man: "Have you any objection to my praying with you?" "I guess not," said Dick, "every *little* helps."

The Rev. E. H. NEVIN, D. D., late of Cleveland, Ohio, where he aspired to the position of an ecclesiastical leader, has retired to a small parish in Walpole, Mass. He is the same Rev. gentleman who was rebuked by Mr. Garrison last year for his unseemly behavior in a public Convention at Cleveland, and whose brother thereupon attempted to support his clerical dignity by pulling Mr. Garrison's nose.

PAYMENT OF THE MILITARY FOR THEIR SERVICES AT THE BURNS EXTRADITION.—Mayor Smith received from the United States to-day, a draft for the necessary funds for the payment of the several military companies who performed duty during the excitement connected with the rendition of the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns. As soon as the necessary preliminary arrangements can be made for the transmission of the funds through the proper channels, the different companies will be notified when payment will be made to them.—*Boston Telegraph.*

THE BURNS EXCITEMENT—ANOTHER ARREST.—In the U. S. Circuit Court, this forenoon, special session, Judge Sprague on the bench, Mr. John C. Cluer was arraigned on a charge of participating in the Burns rendition excitement. He waived the reading of the indictment, and like his compeers in this case, was held in $1,500 for appearance for trial on the first Monday of March next. Francis Jackson, Esq., became his bondman. John A. Andrew and W. L. Burt, Esqrs., appeared as counsel.—*Bost. Tel.*

SEEING THEIR DEFORMITIES.—The late discussions on the subject of annexation will bring forth fruit hereafter. The School Committee of Boston learning by this discussion that some of their neighbours *had* high schools for girls, and were consequently somewhat ahead of them, have given the subject consideration, and at their last meeting, Mr. Lowell, from the Special Committee on the subject, submitted a plan for the organization of a High School for girls, which was accepted.—*Charlestown (Mass.) Adv.*

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.—We learn that during Sunday evening eight negroes, five men and three women, belonging to James Hatfield, of Bourbon county, Ky., made their escape, and it is thought that they crossed the Ohio river a few miles below this city, from the fact that two skiffs fastened on the Kentucky side, were found the following morning, drifted a short distance down the river on the Ohio side. Mr. H. was in the city on Tuesday, and left again in the evening in pursuit of the fugitives, who, he was informed, had passed through this city on Monday, *en route* for Canada.—*Cin. Gaz.*

PROFITS OF THE JENNY LIND CONCERTS.—Mr. Barnum has given to the public the exact statistics of his operations in connection with Jenny Lind's concerts. The total receipts of 95 concerts were $712,161.34. Of this sum, Miss Lind received, as her share of the profits after paying expenses, forfeiture on leaving Barnum, &c., $176,675.09. Barnum's gross receipts, after paying Miss Lind, were $535,486 25. Mr. Barnum's profits over expenses are not stated, but they must have been very large.

POSTAL PRIVILEGES.—All over London, a letter posted say at a quarter before 1 o'clock, will be sent out at 1 o'clock to be delivered, and will be irregular if not received at the latest, by the 2 o'clock delivery. We have to mention, by way of contrast, that we recently received a letter at 11 o'clock on Tuesday, which had been posted in an U. S. green box at a Post Office, "up town," on the preceding Friday at 1. In London, at the very latest, such a letter would have been delivered within two hours after it was posted. In New York it took *four days to travel.*—*Daily Times.*

A CLERICAL PUN.—*Scene*—U. S. Marshal's office. Trial of John H. Allen proceeding, for assaulting some foreign seamen. Spectators present, including a reverend gentleman, who is waiting to be arraigned for participation in the Burns affair.

Assistant District Attorney—"This witness speaks only Finnish; what shall we do about it?" (Aside) —"Mr. H——, I believe you are something of a linguist; can you interpret for us?"

Rev. Gent.—"Thank you, Sir, I have not *Finnished* my education!"—*Boston Telegraph.*

COMPLIMENTARY.—The (Va.) Lynchburg *Republican*, in a notice of Barnum and his book, says in the midst of a column of similar reading:

"The life of Phineas T. Barnum may be interesting, but can scarcely be valuable. Written by himself or any other person, it can only be the life of a Humbug—a most outrageous, unparalleled, infernal Humbug. What is a Humbug? A deception—a deceiver. What is a Deceiver? In plain English, a liar. The life of Phineas T. Barnum, therefore, is and can be, nothing more nor less than the history of a liar—a successful liar it is true, a millionaire of a liar, a monster, a behemoth, a megatherium of a liar; but as veritable and mean a liar as the dirty beggar who swears he has a wife and ten children dying of the fever and starvation, when he never was married in his life, and all for a penny."

Without admitting the justice of this, we can suggest a comparison altogether better than the one with which the *Republican* closes. We should say "as mean a liar" as the proud and chivalric Virginian slaveholder who follows to one of the free States, and arrests, on the pretence he is a thief, a poor fellow whom he has worked and flogged, and cheated out of his wages for thirty or forty years. This is the climax of meanness.—*Boston Telegraph.*

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS IN RHODE ISLAND.—The Providence *Journal* has full returns of the votes on the five propositions for the amendment of the State Constitution of Rhode Island. The main proposition to abolish the registry tax is rejected, and so is the secondary one to extend the time of registration. The others are adopted. The town clerks will not be obliged to send to the General Assembly lists of the voters; the pardoning power is vested in the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate; the sessions of the General Assembly are restricted to two, and are to be held in Newport and Providence. It will be remarked that both the amendments that relate to the suffrage are to be rejected. This is the third time within sixteen months that the people have refused to alter the suffrage.

NOXIOUS VISITORS.—We understand that several parties of Gipsies, or vagabonds who assume that name, are now wandering through Clarke and Jefferson Counties, encamping in the woods. Besides the more direct mischief their petty depredations cause, a valuable subscriber writes to us in complaint of their demoralizing influence on the negroes, from whom they obtain grain and other articles of food for themselves and horses in return for high-flown promises of good fortune and happiness. This way of leading slaves into theft by playing upon their superstition ought to arouse all good citizens to the employment of every legal means for ridding the country of these pests. There is an encampment of them now near Winchester, and we notice from our exchanges that they are at present meandering through other parts of the State.—*Winchester Virginian.*

AFFAIRS IN MISSISSIPPI.—"A society of men in this county, calling themselves Know-Nothings, have created an excitement. They are hard down on Abolitionists and Catholics.

"A beautiful mulatto girl was hanged in Eutaw, last Friday, for murdering a child—the circumstances are as follows: Her master was a young man and overseer; he got the girl with child and then bought her. When her child was three years old, he married a young lady of small fortune and bought a plantation for himself. The lady soon ascertained that her husband was the father of the little curly-head, and at once became indignant towards it, and at the slightest offence would cruelly abuse the child. The mother bore it with patience for a while, but seeing her misses get no better, she knocked her child's brains out with an axe, and went to the Court-house, told the circumstances, gave herself up and was committed to prison."—*Extract of a Letter from a gentleman in Mississippi to the Daily Times.*

POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S REPORT.—As a statistical record of progress, the Post Office Report of the present year possesses the usual value. We learn that we have 23,925 post offices, and 6,897 mail routes, covering 219,395 miles, over which the mail is carried by 5,167 contractors; and by estimating an average of two persons to each office, and four to each contractor, including stage-drivers, mail-agents, et cetera, we find an army of 68,518 men under command of the Post Office Department. We also find that the people of the United States have paid this army, for one year's service, the sum of $8,577,424 12. In this sum is included $5,401,392 50 for ocean service. The sums actually collected from those who have made use of this great machine for transmitting intelligence, in the last year, amounts to $6,255,586 22. Of this, $3,277,110 50 were paid for letter-postage, and $2,146,476 02 for stamps. If we deduct one-fifth of the amount of stamps as the portion applied to payment of newspapers, we shall have as the result, $4,994,292 32, as the amount collected by the Department for letter-postage. The postage of newspapers and pamphlets is stated at $666,148 18. To this add one-fifth of the amount received for stamps, which is $429,293 20, and we have a total of $1,035,441 38 paid in one year for periodical postage, including books sent by mail.

Notwithstanding all the receipts, including $4,346 11 found in dead letters uncalled for, and $700,000 appropriated by Congress, the Post Office Department is in arrears $1,755,821 23. To improve this state of things, and to enable the army of 6,858 men to live off of the people without the trouble of calling upon Congress for annual appropriations, the Postmaster-General proposes to tax the public double the present amount for newspaper postage. He will not increase the letter postage until there is a further deficiency.

The Post Office Department of the United States, whenever it will adopt the prepaid system, and abolish the franking privilege tectotally, will not only support itself, but will pay a revenue at the present rates for papers, and two cents for letters. It is idle to say it cannot support itself. Make it so that the people will look to it as the most speedy, most certain of all modes of transmitting intelligence, and we never shall hear any more of these annual complaints about its not supporting itself.—*Tribune.*

DONATIONS TO THE TRACT FUND

[Continued.]

Ann King, Ferrisburg, Vt.,		$5 00
D. T. Nye, Woodstock, Vt.,		1 00
Leonard Johnson, Peacham, Vt.,		3 00
D. W. Choate,	" "	1 00
T. Sanborn,	" "	1 00
S. A. Chandler,	" "	1 00
H. Merrill,	" "	1 00
A. Sargent,	" "	1 00
M. Wesson,	" "	1 00
M. Martin,	" "	50
T. Farrow,	" "	50
S. W. Stuart,	" "	50
R. Blanchard,	" "	50
J. Davis,	" "	50
B. Bickford,	" "	50
T. S. Pearson	" "	50
B. T. Jones,	" "	50
A. Lucas,	" "	50
S. G. Hidden,	" "	50
Several Friends of the Slave, Peacham, Vt. (in small sums)		6 00
David Hinkley, Hyannis, Mass.,		1 00
Francis Hinkley,	" "	1 00
Thacher

Miscellaneous Department.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WASHINGTON.

[From "The Republican Court, or American Society in the Days of Washington," by Dr. Griswold.]

From the note-book of the late Mr. Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, I am permitted to transcribe a record of some conversations with his mother, Mrs. Susan Wallace, in which that lady—so eminent for whatever is beautiful and noble in her sex—disclosed her recollections of Washington's habits, personal appearance, and manners. On the removal of the Government to Philadelphia, Mrs. Mary Binney, mother of Mrs. Wallace, resided in Market street, opposite to General Washington's—the door of her house a few paces further east. It was the General's custom, frequently, when the day was fine, to come out to walk, attended by his secretaries, Mr. Lear and Major William Jackson—one on each side. He always crossed directly over from his own door to the sunny side of the street, and walked down. He was dressed in black, and all three wore cocked hats. She never observed them conversing; she often wondered and watched, as a child, to see if any of the party spoke, but never could perceive that anything was said. It was understood that the aids were kept at regal distance. General Washington had a large family coach, a light carriage, and a chariot all alike—cream-coloured, painted with three enameled figures on each panel, and very handsome. He drove in the coach to Christ church every Sunday morning with two horses; drove the carriage and four into the country—to Lansdowne, the Hills, and other places. In going to the Senate he used the chariot with six horses. All his servants were white, and wore liveries of white cloth, trimmed with scarlet or orange. Mrs. Wallace saw General Washington frequently at public balls. His manners there were very gracious and pleasant. She went with Mrs. Oliver Walcott to one of Mrs. Washington's drawing-rooms. The General was present, and came up and bowed to every lady after she was seated. Mrs. Binney visited Mrs. Washington frequently. It was Mrs. Washington's custom to return visits on the third day; and she thus always returned Mrs. Binney's. A footman would run over, knock loudly, and announce Mrs. Washington, who would then come over with Mr. Lear. Mrs. Wallace met Mrs. Washington in her mother's parlour; her manners were very easy, pleasant, and unceremonious, with the characteristics of other Virginia ladies. When Washington retired from public life, Mrs. Wallace was about nineteen years of age.

The recollections of Mr. Richard Rush on the subject are in agreement with those of Mrs. Wallace. That accomplished and distinguished gentleman has communicated to me a very graphic account of some interesting scenes, of which he was an observer, about the close of Washington's first administration. Looking upon the old Congress Hall, at the corner of Chesnut and Sixth streets, a few years ago, he says: "It recalled a scene never—no, never—to be forgotten. It was, I think, in 1794 or 1795, that as a boy I was among the spectators congregated at this corner, and parts close by, to witness a great public spectacle.

"Washington was to open the session of Congress by going in person, as was the custom, to deliver a speech to both Houses, assembled in the chamber of the House of Representatives. The crowd was immense. It filled the whole area in Chesnut street before the State House, extended along the line of Chesnut street above Sixth street, and spread north and south some distance along the latter. A way kept open for carriages, in the middle of the street, was the only space not closely packed with people. I had a stand on the steps of one of the houses in Chesnut street, which, raising me above the mass of human heads, enabled me to see to advantage. After waiting long hours, as it seemed to a boy's impatience, the carriage of the President at length slowly drove up, drawn by four beautiful bay horses. It was white, with medallion ornaments on the panels, and the livery of the servants, as well as I remember, was white, turned up with red—at any rate, a glowing livery; the entire display in equipages at that era, in our country generally, and in Philadelphia in particular, while the seat of Government, being more rich and varied than now, though fewer in number. Washington got out of his carriage, and, slowly crossing the pavement, ascended the steps of the edifice, upon the upper platform of which he paused, and, turning half round, looked in the direction of a carriage which had followed the lead of his own. Thus he stood for a minute, distinctly seen by everybody. He stood in all his civic dignity and moral grandeur—erect, serene, majestic. His costume was a full suit of black velvet; his hair, in itself blanched by time, powdered to snowy whiteness, a dress sword at his side, and his hat held in his hand. Thus he stood in silence; and what moments those were! Throughout the dense crowd profound stillness reigned. Not a word was heard, not a breath. Palpitations took the place of sounds. It was a feeling infinitely beyond that which vents itself in shouts. Every heart was full. In vain would any tongue have spoken.

"All were gazing in mute, unutterable admiration. Every eye was riveted on that form—the greatest, purest, most exalted of mortals. It might have seemed as if he stood in that position to gratify the assembled thousands with a full view of the Father of their Country. Not so. He had paused for his secretary—then, I believe, Mr. Dandridge or Colonel Lear—who got out of the other carriage—a chariot, decorated like his own. The secretary, ascending the steps, handed him a paper—probably a copy of the speech he was to deliver—when both entered the building. Then it was, and not, until then, that the crowd sent up huzzas, loud, long, earnest, enthusiastic."

Of the simple manners of Washington and his family, we have an interesting account in the travels of Mr. Henry Wansey, F. S. A., an English manufacturer, who breakfasted with them on the morning of the 8th of June, 1794. "I confess," he says, "I was struck with awe and veneration when I recollected that I was now in the presence of the great Washington, the noble and wise benefactor of the world, as Mirabeau styles him. When we look down from this truly illustrious character on other public servants, we find a glowing contrast; nor can we fix our attention on any other great men without discovering in them a vast and mortifying dissimilarity. The President seemed very thoughtful and was slow in delivering himself, which induced some to believe him reserved; but it was rather, I apprehend, the result of much reflection, for he had to me an appearance of affability and accommodation. He was at this time in his sixty-third year, but had very little the appearance of age, having been all his life so exceedingly temperate. There was a certain anxiety visible in his counteuance, with marks of extreme sensibility.

"Mrs. Washington herself made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, and dry toast, bread and butter, but no broiled fish, as is the general custom. Miss Eleanor Custis, her granddaughter a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen, sat next to her, and next her grandson, George Washington Parke Custis, about two years older. There were but slight indications of form, one servant only, attending, who had no livery; and a silver urn for hot water was the only expensive article on the table. Mrs. Washington struck me as something older than the President, though I understand they were both born the same year; she was short in stature, rather robust, extremely simple in her dress, and wore a very plain cap, with her gray hair turned up under it." This description of Mrs. Washington corresponds perfectly with that in her portrait by Trumbull, painted the previous year, and now in the Trumbull gallery at New Haven.

Mr. Wansey says her drawing-rooms were objected to by the democrats "as tending to give her a supereminency, and as introductory to the paraphernalia of courts." With what feelings the excellent woman regarded these democrats is shown by an anecdote of the same period. She was a severe disciplinarian, and Nelly Custis was not often permitted by her to be idle or to follow her own caprices. The young girl was compelled to practice at the harpsichord four or five hours every day, and one morning, when she should have been playing, her grandmother entered the room, remarking that she had not heard the music, and also that she had observed some person going out, whose name she would very much like to know. Nelly was silent, and suddenly her attention was arrested by a blemish on the wall, which had been newly painted a delicate cream colour. "Ah! it was no federalist," she exclaimed, looking at the spot just above a settee, "none but a filthy democrat would mark a place with his good-for-nothing head in that manner!"

The public business so entirely occupied his time, that Washington had few opportunities of visiting Mount Vernon. In 1793, however, he was there nearly three months during the terrible period of the prevalence of the yellow fever in Philadelphia. The disease broke out some time in August, but he continued at his post until the 10th of September. He wished to stay longer, but Mrs. Washington was unwilling to leave him exposed in such danger, and he could not think of hazarding her life and the lives of the children by remaining—"the house in which we lived," he says, "being in a manner blockaded by the disorder, which was every day becoming more and more fatal." Two days after Washington left, Mr. Wolcott wrote to his father, "The apprehensions of the citizens cannot be increased; business is in a great measure abandoned; the true character of man is disclosed, and he shows himself a weak, timid, desponding, and selfish being. The ravages of the dreadful sickness are extending, with added circumstances of terror and distress; many now die without attendance. The kind attention, the tears of condolence and sympathy, which alleviate pain, and in some degree reconcile the dying to their fate, are frequently omitted by the nearest friends and relatives; when generously bestowed they are too often the price of life."

Among the public characters attacked by the fever were Mr. Willing and Colonel Hamilton; but they both recovered. The officers of Government were dispersed, and the President even deliberated on the propriety of convening Congress elsewhere; but the abatement of the disease rendered this measure unnecessary, and near the close of November the scattered inhabitants returned to their homes, and Congress reassembled on the 2d of December.

In 1794, his official duties not permitting him to make more than a flying visit to Mount Vernon, and Mrs. Washington deciding against a summer residence in the city, the President took a house in Germantown, where, with his family, he remained during the months of July and August.

Translated for the Standard.

LIEDCHEN.

FROM THE OLD GERMAN OF WERNHER VON TEGERNSEE.

I.

Thou art mine, I am thine,
Of that rest sure, beloved mine;
Fast locked thou art
Within my heart,
And lost forever is the key
Within it thou must ever be.

II.

Floret silva undique,
For my love I grieve alway;
The wood is budding everywhere,
Where is my love so long, oh where?
He, on his steed, afar doth rove,
Ah! who shall sing to me of love?

H. W. G.

BULLFROG.

I claim to be a free-born Briton. I have been told I am, so many times, by so many different persons, from so many platforms, newspaper columns, and honourable houses, to which honourable gentlemen come down on purpose to tell me that I am free and a Briton, that I have grown quite to believe in my freedom and my British birth. I believe in them implicitly and without reservation.

I say, I am a free-born Briton, and I am proud of it. I pay my taxes—a few with pleasure, more with reluctance, some with grumbling and aversion; but I do pay them all somehow. I know that my house is my castle; that the blackest bondsman landing on my shores becomes free; that my representative system does (in a certain bungling manner) represent me, my wife and children, my wants and wishes; that my ministers only hold office during good behaviour; that my press is free as the air I breathe; that the Queen cannot shut me out of her parks (even if she wished to do so, of any such intention of doing which I entirely acquit the illustrious lady); that the Woods and Forests cannot shut me out of Westminster Hall, nor the sheriffs out of the gallery of the Old Bailey—at least that they cannot *legally* do so, though they do shut me out from time to time on the pretexts of half-crowns, interesting murder trials, &c. I know that I am legally free and independent; that I have a legal guardian in the Lord Chancellor, and three legal nursing mothers in the Poor Law Commissioners; that all in this great Res Publica is done for me and by me—The People.

It is because I know this, and have read and sung Rule Britannia, chorusing till I was hoarse that Britons never, never, never will be slaves, that I am determined not to submit to the tyranny of Bullfrog. Who is Bullfrog I should like to know, that he is to dictate to me how I am to act and speak and think; whom I am to like and dislike; what I am to read and write; what I am to eat, drink and avoid; whom I am to recognise and whom to cut? Who is Bullfrog, that he should stand at my elbow, a thousand times more exigent and obtrusive than Sancho's physician, and with his puny baton wave away the viands that I love—nay, with even more insolence and pretension than the Baratarian practitioner, insist upon my gorging myself with meats of his selection—meats which my stomach rebels against and my soul abhors? Is it because Bullfrog is related by the mother's side to the Bellow family, and is a distant connection of the Blowers, and the Puffs, and the Blatants? Is it because he married Miss Hogg (of the Wholecombe family), that I am to pin my faith on Bullfrog, and reverence his dicta in all matters of taste as well as conduct, and accept him as my arbiter elegantiarum—my guide, philosopher and friend? Am I to give up my convictions, to abandon my preconceived notions, to write myself down an ass, which is a hundred degrees worse than being written down one by somebody else? Am I to see through Bullfrog's spectacles; to ride behind him on his hobbyhorse and a pillion; to stand in his shoes; be fed with mind-pap from his spoon, and learn my A B C from his hornbook? No, not for a thousand Bullfrogs.

It is my steadfast opinion that the British public are not only in danger of falling under the tyranny of Bullfrog, but that a considerable section of them are absolutely subject to his humiliating domination. Not believing in, or setting the slightest store by the opinions of Bullfrog, I am sensible that he has legions of dupes, admirers and adherents. I deplore this. I consider Bullfrog to be a shallow, conceited, mischievous impostor, and I denounce him as such. I don't care about his being on visiting terms with Sir Fretful Plagiary, and having Dangle and Sneer at his elbow. I don't care for his kinsman Mr. Puff's tragedy, in which the heroine goes mad in white satin and the confidant in white linen. I don't care for his having the "press under his thumb" (as he boasts); for his telling me "what they say at the club"; for his after-dinner speeches; for his platform speeches; for his stage speeches; for his pulpit speeches; for his advertisements, placards, posters, slips, cards, circulars and handbills. I won't believe in his coats, his hats, his cookery, his books, his patriotism, his pills, his temperance, his accomplishments as a linguist, his leaders, his travels I don't know how far beyond the Rocky Mountains, his æsthetic tragedies, his poetry (spasmodic or otherwise), his pictures, his lectures, his Shakspearean impersonations, his Seers (of Poughkeepsie or otherwise), his remedial measures and his finality. I snap my fingers at the statistics which he vomits; I scorn his tables that turn, his cheffoniers that argue, and his music-stools that reason. Let him pass acts of parliament, I will drive six-in-hand through them, till they are repealed. Let him croak, puff, blow and swell as much as he pleases; he will burst at last; and his marsh will know him no more. For Bullfrog would not be Bullfrog if he were not continually emulating that emerited prototype of his in the fable, and straining till his eyes start out of his head, and the froggish blood out of his veins, in a miserable attempt to attain the size and stature of the lordly bull above him. Whenever a great thing is done, a great principle recognised, a great man made manifest, forthwith up rises Bullfrog from the mud and rushes; forthwith he swells, and swells, and swells. He is ridiculous of course; it would be well enough if he were only ridiculous; but the worst of it is that the other frogs believe in him; likewise the toads, and tadpoles, and the newts; they all believe in him, and cry what a fine frog he is as they see him swell and hear him roar (for your Bullfrog can roar lustily)—till he bursts.

When a few learned and pious men possibly vain, perhaps mistaken, certainly enthusiastic, obviously disinterested, parted from the church that reared, and the schools of learning that nurtured them, then, from afar off, uprose Bullfrog, and swelled and roared. Bullfrog gave up no fat living: not he. Prebend he stuck to, and fellowship he held on to with prehensile tenacity; but he parted his hair down the middle, and allowed it to grow down his back; he left off wearing collars to his coat, collars to his shirt, and bows to his neckcloth; he fastened his waistcoat behind; abjured pomatum; shaved three times a day; cut out a large cross in red cloth, and pasted it on his prayer-book; and dated his letters Feast of St. Puterpoote, Eve of St. Gilles. He did not read the Fathers, but he quoted them. He dined upon parched peas twice a week, and was suspected of wearing vegetables of that description in his patent leather boots. He did not condemn while mildly refraining from absolutely approving the wearing of, hair shirts, spiked girdles, and sackcloth drawers. He talked of lecterns, piscinæ, pyxes, octaves, novenas, matins, vespers and complins. He almost ruined himself in the purchase of flowers for the communion-table of his quiet, humble, little country church. He preached in a surplice, and put the ragged little boys of the village into surplices too, and made them chant drearily, to the great scandal of the White-headed organist and the parish clerk. He made more bows than a dancing-master, and went into more postures than an acrobat, in the solemn, simple Liturgy. He wrote foolish letters to his bishop, and foolish pamphlets for the benefit of his buttereman. He shared, with lap-dogs, bearded musicmasters and quack-doctors, the capricious admiration of wheezy dowagers and sentimental young ladies with long auburn ringlets. In short—what is curious, but perfectly reconcilable with the Bullfrog organization—he made an ass of himself.

Bullfrog's great cynosure—the bull—is remarkable for his obtuse perversity in running at a gate: it is all the same to Bull should the gate happen to be a railway one, with an express train passing in front of it, at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In a parity of perverseness the ecclesiastical Bullfrog endeavours to puff the poor twopenny wax taper, anent which, with its attendant candlestick there is such a terrible pother between him and his bishop, into the dimensions of that famous candle which Latimer told good master Ridley should never be extinguished in England. But it will not do Bullfrog. We know which is the twopenny taper and which the church candle. You may preach in a surplice, a shirt over your clothes, like a Whiteboy, a smock-frock, a flour-sack, or a harlequin's jacket, if you like; you may make such reverences and gyrations before carved screens and ornamental brass-work as may warrant your being mistaken for my friend Saltimbanque tumbling over head and ears in the booth yonder; you may wear your hair parted in the middle, behind, before, or twisted into a tail, after the Chinese fashion; you may mortify yourself with fasts, macerations, vigils, and disciplines, till you become as emaciated as Jean Baptise Whatshisname, the living skeleton (a dead skeleton now, I opine); you may publish whole libraries of controversial portmanteaus, bandboxes, and Cheshire cheese wrappers, but you shall not ride over me, Bullfrog.

I am a free-born Briton (I think I observed that before) and I hate cant—which is Bullfrog. Also arrogance. Which is Bullfrog. Also the conceited puffery and exaggeration of ridiculous and offensive ceremonies into rules of faith and conduct. Bullfrog again. If I am to be a religious Briton let me have by all means as much faith, hope, and charity as possible; but don't tell me that there is any faith, or hope, or charity in the Reverend Bullfrog bribing the blackguard, "little Froggees," to pelt his rivals—the billsticker—with rotten eggs, on a disputed question of churchwardens and candlesticks.

You had better paint, Bullfrog. No free-born Briton in this favoured island would be happier than I would be to recognise and admire a good, a great picture from your pencil. And though I denounce you by times, as an imitator, I would in no case decry imitation in art where imitation is associated with study, with appreciation, with progress. Copy, follow, dwell upon those grand old masters of the Loggie and Stanze, whose footsteps echo through the corridors of Time. Pin your faith upon a Giotto or a Cimabue. Cry with Gainsborough that you are going to heaven, and that Vandyke is of the company; paraphrase Erasmus, and say, "Sancte Rafaelle, orate pro nobis;" be a disciple, and a passionate one, of the colourists of Venice, the draughtsmen of Florence, and the thinkers of Rome. Do this, Bullfrog, and I will immediately change my name from Muggins to Mæcenas, and give you commissions for canvases fifty feet by twenty, the painting of which shall last you life long, and make you a millionnaire. But you can't do it, Bullfrog. Here are two or three good and true young men. Scholars, enthusiasts, thinkers; indefatigable in study, triumphant in performance. They paint pictures in which the subtle delicacy of thought and poetical feeling, arms itself against the world in the chain-mail of reality. Because these painters depict with minute fidelity the minutest accessories to the story they tell; because they conquer the manipulated representation of the mortar between the bricks, the reticulations of the leaves, the bloom on the petals of the flowers, the ruddle on the sheep, the pores of the flesh, the reflection of the lace in the glass and the form in the water; therefore Bullfrog, who thinks he had better paint and be a brother too, perches himself on the topmost peak of the easel, and begins to swell and croak for brotherhood. "Let us have the B. B. B., the Beauty in Bricks Brotherhood," says Bullfrog. No more aerial perspective, no more middle distance, no more drawing from the antique, no more classical landscape; have we not the bricks in the workhouse-wall opposite, to study from? And they are not real? Go for reality. Go for a basket of sprats with every osier in the basket and every scale on the sprats, because the basket is a basket, and the sprats are sprats. Go for bad drawing, because you cannot draw; for grimy colour, because a factory chimney is grimy; for violently inharmonious colour, because a yellow bonnet with scarlet poppies in it, though producing a violent and inharmonious effect, is real. Go for ugliness, because ugliness is oftentimes terribly real, and because you cannot depict beauty. Reality is ugly (sometimes) and must be faithfully rendered for the honour and glory of the B. B. B., certainly. A laystall is ugly; a wretched, ragged, untaught, street Arab boy is ugly; but you, miserable Bullfrog, can you paint, can you even understand, the beauties of the gold and silver skies, the leafy woods, the spangled and jewelled fields, the sounding sea?

It is because I wish the character of Bullfrog to be thoroughly known (with a view to his being as thoroughly exposed and ultimately demolished), that I now call attention from his mischievous imitative foolery to his more mischievous imitative roguery. It is the delight of this reptile friend of mine to foist delusions on the public mind; to pass off brainless impostors for transcendant geniuses; to exaggerate back-stairs scanmaggery into grave conspiracies; to set ignorance and impudence and conceit, side by side with wit and learning and pathos; to persuade Pennywhistle that the eyes of Europe are upon him; to tell Earthworm that forty centuries look down upon him from the pyramids; to elevate the Three Tailors of Tooley Street into the people of England.

Bullfrog must be literary, of course. Here is a brave but tender-hearted Christian gentlewoman, who sits down and writes us a good book upon a subject that must come home to every Christian man and woman in this working world. Suppose we call the book the great Patagonian novel. Bullfrog is on the alert. He has his pen ready nibbed, his distending apparatus in first-rate working order. He covers the dead walls and hoardings with gigantic announcements of the forthcoming publication of the great trans-Patagonian novel—the Scavenger. Twelve million copies sold in twelve weeks. Fifty-five thousand cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, and forty-eight thousand phials of sal-volatile purchased in trans-Patagonia on the first day of publication. Everybody ought to read the Scavenger. I read it, and don't like it. I don't think much of the other great Patagonian novel—the Mudlark, though it contains that exquisitely-sentimental lyric, Little Dirty's Song of the Rushlight. I don't care for Ganze and Gilt, Mrs. Madely's great Crim-Tartar novel. I yawn over Miss Wiredraw's Passion and Pantomine, ninety-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-six copies of which were disposed of in the space of three days, four hours, nine minutes, and twelve seconds. I fall asleep over Miss Ada Johnnycake's Tears, Treacle, and Terror. I find in all these great novels little but platitudes, wishy-washy sentiment, contemptible and transparent imitations of great exemplars, and endless, drouthy, water-eyed maudlin "talkee." I reverence real pathos and real sentiment; but I scorn Bullfrog hiding his fat foolish face in a pocket handkerchief (squinting over the corner thereof at the publisher's ledger), and weeping sham tears enough for that larger reptile friend of his, the crocodile.

Bullfrog is a noisome pest in every field of literature. Young Flackus, for instance (Horace is his Christian name), is a poet. He writes the most delicious ditties, the most captivating sonnets. He flings flowers of grace, and loveliness, and humour, and pathos, around him with the most delightful caprice—bless him! But sometimes he has what the French call lubies. He is dark, mysterious, hazy, vehement about nothing. He is occasionally nonsensical. He grinds his teeth, and is spasmodic. Bullfrog beholds him, and instantly has the stomach-ache, and foams at the mouth. His friends Rogg, and Tatters, and Bævius, and Mævius, have frightful spasms, roll on the hearth-rug, and make poetry hideous by their howlings. Bad grammar, involved style, foggy ideas, incoherent declamation, wordy bombast, pass (at least, Bullfrog endeavours to make them pass) current for poetry. Thus, too, because Viking, the great Nordt-konig of philosophy, is strong and terrible to look upon; because he writes with an adamantine stylet upon a plate of seven-times tempered steel; because he knows what Thor said and Odin thought; because he has so many good words and good thoughts at his command that he is occasionally troubled with the embarrass de richesses, and becomes complicated; Bullfrog, who has nothing whatever to say, except "Croak," attempts to conceal his ignorance by the assuming to be complicated.

You are not to suppose, Bullfrog, if I only adduce one more instance of your ubiquity, that I am at a loss for subjects, on which to vent my just indignation against you. There are things I know about you, my friend, connected with the Beer question, the general Sunday question, the Education question, the Colonization question, the Prison discipline question—things in which you have manifested enough rancour, ignorance, and presumption, to bring you a thousand times to shame, if shame you had, or knew, or ever heard of.

In common with many other free-born Britons I have great liking and respect for public amusements. I like the sound, sterling, nervous English drama—the good play, played by good actors. But if my friend Charles Bodger chooses to get up the second part of Henry the Sixth, at the Royal Pantechnicon, with the most gorgeous accessories of scenery, costume, and decorative furniture in general, I will not quarrel with him, nor will I stand out for the text. I am for catholicity; but for toleration in catholicity. Rope dancing is good in its place. Tumbling and posturing are good (though painful) in their place. I like to see the clown steal sausages at Christmas, but not in the awful play scene in Hamlet. Richardson's show is admirable; Horse-riding is capital. Let Bullfrog fool himself with fire-eaters, sword-swallowers, ribbon-vomiters, conjurors, acrobats, learned pigs, live armadillos, and spotted girls. But do not let Bullfrog tell me that the drama is to be revived through the agency of the live armadillo, or that the only hope of the admirers of Shakspeare, rests on the spotted girl. Neither shall Bullfrog revive the drama by crystal curtains, distributions of soup, coals, and counterpanes to the ruffians of Low Lane, or presentations of a glass of ale and a sandwich to every visitor to the pit, and a boiled leg of mutton and trimmings to every occupant of a private box. Herein, as in other presentments, Bullfrog swells and swells exceedingly; and when he is swollen to his largest dimensions—bursts!—*Household Words.*

From the National Era.

TO C. S.

If I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong
Than praise the right; if seldom to thine ear
My voice hath mingled with th' exultant cheer,
Borne upon all our Northern winds along;
If I have failed to join the fickle throng
In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest strong
In victory, surprised in thee to find
Brougham's scathing power with Canning's grace combined;
That he for whom the nine-fold Muses sang,
From their twined arms a giant athlete sprang,
Barbing the arrows of his native tongue
With the spent shafts Latona's archer flung,
To smite the Python of his land and time,
Fell as the monster born of Crissa's slime,
Like the blind bard who in Castalian springs
Tempered the steel that clove the crest of kings,
And on the shrine of England's freedom laid
The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's shade—
Small need hast thou of words of praise from me.
Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst guess
That, even though silent, I have not the less
Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped for thee,
When, years ago, beside the summer sea,
White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall
Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
That, to the menace of the brawling flood,
Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a fate; with not a leaf nor vine
Nor birch spray trembling in the still moonshine,
Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think
That night-scene by the sea prophetical
(For nature speaks in symbols and in signs,
And through her pictures human fate divines)—
That rock, wherefrom we saw the billows sink
In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall
In the white light of heaven, the type of one
Who, momently by Error's host assailed,
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite mailed;
And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all
The tumult, hears the angels say Well done!

11th month 25th, 1854. J. G. W.

LUTHER'S DEATH.

An eventful great life, of which the results are incalculable, approaches its end; the heart stands still, that had beaten so warmly and faithfully for his people, for Christianity, and for the gospel. During the last years of Dr. Luther's life, his enemies often spread reports of his death; with the addition of the most singular and tragic circumstances. To refute these, Luther had printed in 1545, in German and Italian, a pamphlet, entitled *Lies of the Goths touching the Death of Dr. Martin Luther.* "I tell Dr. Bucer beforehand, that whoever, after my death, shall despise the authority of this school and this Church, will be a heretic and unbeliever; for it was here first that God purified his word and again made it known. . . . . Who could do anything twenty-one years ago?" "I often count and find that I approach nearer and nearer to the forty years, at the end of which I believe all this will end. St. Paul only preached for forty years; and so the Prophet Jeremiah and St. Augustin. And when each of these forty years had come to an end, in which they had preached the word of God, it was no longer listened to, and great calamities followed."

The aged electress, when he was last at her table, wished him forty years more of life. "I would not have heaven," said he, "on condition that I must live forty years longer. . . . . I have nothing to do with doctors now. It seems they have settled that I am to live one year longer; so that I won't make my life a torment, but, in God's name, eat and drink what I please." "I would that my adversaries would put an end to me; for my death now would be of more service to the Church than my life" (February 16th 1546). The conversation running much on death and sickness, during his last visit to Eisleben, he said, "If I return to Wittemberg, I shall soon be in my coffin, and then I shall give the worms a good meal on a fat doctor." Two days after this he died at Eisleben.

Luther often said that it would be a great disgrace to the Pope were he to die in his bed. "All of you, thou Pope, thou devil, ye kings, princes and lords, are Luther's enemies, and yet you can do him no harm. It was not so with John Huss. I take it that there has not been a man so hated as I for these hundred years. I, too, hate the world. In the whole round of life, there is nothing which gives me pleasure; I am sick of living. May our Lord, then, come quickly, and take me with him. May he, above all, come with his day of judgment. I would stretch forth my neck . . . so that he hurled his thunderbolt and I were at rest. . . . . .

Luther had arrived the 28th January at Eisleben, and, though already ill, he joined in all the conferences until the 17th February. He preached also four times, and revised the ecclesiastical statutes for the earldom of Mansfield. The 17th he was so ill that the counts prayed him not to go out. At supper he spoke much of his approaching end, and some one asking him if he thought we should recognise each other in the other world, he replied that he thought so. On returning to his chamber with Master Cælius and his two sons, he drew near the window, and remained there a long time in prayer. After that he said to Aurifaber, who had just arrived, "I feel very weak, and my pains seem to increase"; on which they administered some medicine to him, and endeavoured to warm him by friction. He spoke a few words to Count Albert, who had come to see him, and then laid himself down on the bed, saying, "If I could only sleep for half an hour, I think it would refresh me." He did sleep without waking for an hour and a half. This was about eleven o'clock. When he awoke, he said to those in attendance, "What, still sitting up by me! why do you not go to rest yourselves"? He then commenced praying, and said with fervour, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine, Deus veritatis.* (Into thy hands I commend my spirit; thou art my Redeemer, O God of truth.") He also said to those about him, "All of you pray, my friends, for the Gospel of our Lord, that his reign my be extended, for the Council of Trent and the Pope threaten it greatly." He then slept again for about an hour, and when he awoke, Doctor Jonas asked him how he felt, "O my God," he replied, "I feel myself very bad. I think, my dead Jonas, that I shall remain hear at Eisleben, where I was born." He then took a few steps about the room, and laid himself down again on the bed, where they covered him with soft cushions. Two doctors, and the count with his wife, then arrived. Luther said to them, "I am dying; I shall remain at Eisleben." And Doctor Jonas expressing a hope that the perspiration would perhaps relieve him—"No, dear Jonas," replied he, "it is a cold and dry sweat, and the pain is worse." He then applied himself to prayer, and said, "O my God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, thou thi God of all consolation, I thank thee for having revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, in whom I believe; whom I have preached and acknowledged; whom I have loved and honoured; and whom the Pope and the ungodly persecute. I commend my soul to thee, O my Saviour Jesus Christ! I shall leave this terrestial body; I shall be taken from this life; but I know that I shall rest eternally with thee." He repeated three times following, "*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine veritatis.*" Suddenly his eyes closed and he fainted. Count Albert and his wife, as well as the doctors, used their utmost effort to restore him to life, in which they with difficulty succeeded. Dr. Jonas then said to him, "Reverend father, do you die in constant reliance on the faith you have taught?" He replied distinctly, "*Yes,*" and fell asleep again. Soon after he became alarmingly pale, then cold and drawing one deep breath, he expired.—*National Magazine.*

SINGULAR COUPLE.

Along with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the interesting town of Hexham—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for historical research, although, for my own part, I found little besides its ancient church. The circumstance which, more than anything else, obtained the dingy town a lasting place in my memory, was our taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair, an old man and woman—husband and wife, who lived by themselves, without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlour and two bed-rooms. They were tall, thin and erect, though each seventy years of age. When we knocked at the door for admittance, they answered it together; if we rang the bell, the husband and wife invariably appeared side by side; all our requests and demands were received by both, and executed with the utmost nicety and exactness.

The first night, arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember my brother, rather irreverently, wondering whether we "were aiways to be waited upon by these Siamese twins." On ringing the bell, to retire for the night, both appeared as usual; the wife carrying the bed-room candlestick, the husband standing at the door. I gave her some directions about breakfast for the following morning, when the husband from the door quickly answered for her.

"Depend upon it, she is dumb," whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech.

They both attended me into my bed-room; when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise towards her husband, said—

"There's no offence meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber—he's stone-blind."

"Poor man!" I exclaimed. "But why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?"

"It's no use, ma,am, your speaking to my old woman," said the husband; "she can't hear you she's quite deaf."

I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife were, indeed, one flesh; for he saw with her eyes, and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me ever after to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivation as naught.

I have often thought of that old man and woman, and cannot but hope, that as in life they were inseparable and indispensable to each other, so in death they might not be divided, but either be spared the terrible calamity of being alone in the world.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A ROYAL GHOST STORY.

The *Mayence Journal* contains the following letter, dated Aschaffenburg, 27th of October, under the head of "the Black Lady," a pendant to the legendary "White Lady," of the Berlin Palace, whose apparition is believed to announce the approaching death of some member of the Hohenzollern family:

"The Queen Theresa of Bavaria died of cholera at Munich on the 26th, as already known. I hasten to communicate to your readers the following highly interesting and affecting details, of which I can guaranty the exact veracity: On the 6th of October, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, two Princes of the Bavarian Royal family, equal in birth and relationship, were seated at tea in another room of the Aschaffenburg Palace. A folding door divides this room from another apartment, and a smaller papered door separates it from the ante-chamber usually occupied by the domestics in waiting. Of a sudden the latter door opened, and a lady covered with a black veil entered, and made a low courtesy before the two illustrious personages. One of the Princes, no little astounded, asked the lady if she were invited to tea, and, pointing to the folding door leading into the tea-room (where the Queen and ladies were assembled), gave her to understand that she should enter. No reply, and the lady vanished through the small papered door. Both the illustrious personages were extremely agitated by this wonderful apparition and its mysterious disappearance. One of them immediately hastened to the ante-chamber, to inquire of the servants about the mysterious figure. No one had seen it come or go except Asvat, Queen Theresa's body hussar, who had met it in the passage. No other trace could be discovered. Both illustrious persons narrated what had occurred, and it soon came to Queen Theresa's ears, and she was so overwhelmed thereby that she became greatly indisposed, and wept during the whole night. The journey to Munich was fixed for the following day. All the luggage and half the servants were already on the road To remain longer at Aschaffenburg was scarcely possible. Queen Theresa was filled with the most sorrowful forebodings. She asked several times if it were not possible to remain here. It would be too painful for her to quit Aschaffenburg this time. The mysterious and ominous Black Lady glided constantly before her imagination. Somewhat calmed, at length, by judicious observations, she at last sorrowfully commenced the journey, which it was not possible to postpone. But still, at Munich, where she was at first indisposed, but recovered, her mind was preoccupied with the apparition of the Black Lady, of whom she spoke to many persons with trembling apprehension. She was sought to be consoled by saying that the sentries on duty had seen the lady enter the Palace. But all was in vain. The idea that the apparition of the figure had a sinister foreboding for her life never quitted her mind. Twenty days after the mysterious evening Queen Theresa lay a corpse in the Wittelbacher Palace. Your readers are at liberty to judge of the incident as they please. I must, however, solemnly protest against suspicions being thrown upon the exact truth of these facts, derived from the highest authority, as I took the above narrative *verbatim* from the statement of the best informed persons before I had the slightest suspicion of the Queen's death. The two illustrious persons narrated the circumstances of the apparition minutely to several persons, so that the whole town heard of it next morning, and on the same evening the whole *personnel* of the Palace and the soldiers on duty were strictly examined, and requested to state all they knew of the matter—a good proof that the occurrence cannot be set down among ordinary nursery tales."

HEROISM.

There is that heroism which appeals strongly to our sensibilities, which captivates the imagination, and takes with it the popular heart. But what is heroism? What is it in its noblest, most divine, most pure exercise? The kings of the earth would make their subjects believe it is physical, military daring. So they have employed their bards to sing and historians to record such exploits, and perpetuated the memory thereof in marble and oil. So if a man killed one man, it might indeed be murder; but when he had killed a million, he was a hero.

Peace, we are told, is unheroic; it is stagnant, tame, corrupting. "A subtle poison," in the language of Mr. Allison, "debases the public mind at such a time. Peace exhibits, indeed, an enchanting prospect; but beneath that smiling surface are to be found the rankest and most dangerous passions of the human heart." The convulsions of war shake up and renovate this state of things; war is a sort of subsoil ploughing, it is the refiner's fire and fuller's soap; it is the thunder-storm that settles the dust, and clears the sultriness of a hot day.

I am obliged to say there is more heroism, more gallant daring, more generosity and manliness, in one year of peace, than in whole ages of war. I mean that there is more strict, undoubted, legitimate heroism in our steamship and railroad enterprises, in our cotton mills and saw mills, in our scythe factories and starch-factories, in our scourging the ocean for whales, and excavating the earth for its ores, and similar things, than in the battles of a century. There was more heroism in John Jacob Astor's attempt to found a colony in Oregon in 1812, than in the war that broke it up; more in De Witt Clinton, who about the same time started the project of the Erie Canal, than in the same war that broke that up; more in Whitney who would give us a railroad to the Pacific; more grappling with difficulties, more fortitude in peril, more coolness in the midst of assault, than in Leonidas or Odin. I mean at least to say, that the greatest qualities of the human mind which, it may be, war sometimes developes, exists in full force in peace.

There is need of heroes at the present moment. America has need of them, and the kingdom of God has need of them; heroes, not of brute force, but of ideas; not of waste and ruin, but of reconstruction; not of carnage and rapine, but of virtuous action. The old race of heroes is becoming extinct, and a new one is rising; old notions of strife and aggrandizement are supplanted by new ones of peace and prosperity; outward excitement and passion yield to inward enterprise and energy. We want not heroes